

THE FIRST PHOTOS OF THE TIBET EXPEDITION. See Pages 8 and 9.

The Daily

1/2d.

ILLUSTRATED

Mirror.

A Paper for Men and Women.

Eye-witnesses
Wanted.
See Page 4.

No. 134.

Registered at the G. P. O.
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FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

OUR KING'S HOST.



King Christian IX. of Denmark, the father of our Queen, is entertaining King Edward. He is eighty-six years old to-day.
[Photo by] [Russell.]

REDEEMING FEATURE OF A CRUEL SPORT.



Easter is a great time for bull-fights in Spain, and accidents are not uncommon. Here a wounded bull-fighter is being assisted by his comrades.
[Mirror"] [photograph.]

WHERE QUEEN ALEXANDRA IS VISITING HER FATHER.



Our King and Queen are staying with the King of Denmark at Copenhagen, where a royal banquet will be held to-day in the Amalienborg Slot to celebrate King Christian's eighty-sixth birthday.

RAISING THE A1.

Hopes That It May Be Accom-
plished To-Day.

ADMIRALTY PERSEVERING.

The Swedish salvage vessels Eros and Belos went out to the wreck of the submarine A1 yesterday morning after being idle several days owing to the bad weather.

The divers went down, and operations were commenced, but had to be again relinquished owing to a strong north-west wind and a choppy sea. The breeze dropped again last night, and it is hoped that the sunken vessel will be raised within the next twenty-four hours. A dry dock has been prepared for the reception of the submarine, and electric lights run round the sides so that work can be carried on night or day.

Elaborate arrangements have been made to keep Pressmen and photographers out of the dockyard after the wreck has been towed in.

Won't Abandon the Task.

In an interview with a *Mirror* representative last night, one of the salvage officials said, "There is no truth in the report that we intend to abandon our task, and that the Admiralty will leave the submarine where she is and mark the place with a buoy. If it were not for the eleven poor fellows lying dead inside that steel shell something of the sort might be done. We should have lifted her long ago if the weather had been only fine for thirty-six hours at a stretch. Instead we have had nothing but a succession of gales since the submarine sank nearly three weeks ago."

"The Admiralty wish her to be raised intact in order that they can discover what was wrong with her machinery, and, if possible, ascertain the cause of the disaster. The submarine A1 weighs nearly two hundred tons, and her plates are very fragile. If wire hawsers were put round her hull they would cut clean through her with the weight and pressure of the water, and she would be broken in pieces."

"The work of raising her must be done very carefully. The arrangements for pumping in the air and getting the water out have been completed and with one day's calm weather and smooth water the submarine will be raised and brought in. The neap tides have just commenced and will last about a fortnight, and are more favourable for salvage operations than the spring tides."

CHINAMAN'S PRETTY WIFE

Gives Evidence in a Gambling Den
Murder Case.

At the inquest yesterday on the body of Go Hing, the Chinese laundryman who was shot by a fellow-countryman named Ping Lun, in consequence of a quarrel over dominoes in a Birkenhead gambling den, a verdict of Wilful Murder against Ping Lun was returned.

The majority of the witnesses were Chinamen, who were examined by an interpreter. In strong contrast to the Mongolian witnesses was the nineteen-year-old wife of the deceased man, a pretty

Englishwoman, who gave the name of Martha Alvina Go Hing. Her complexion was fresh and rosy, her features regular and attractive, her eyes had a dreamy look, and her flaxen hair was tastefully arranged. She was fashionably dressed in

black, and wore a Tam o' Shanter hat with waving plumes. She had been married to Go Hing three years, and brought along with her their child, a little boy of two, who seemed to have inherited every Mongolian trait, from the yellow skin to the

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Dull and mild; rain at times generally, by morning in the west and by afternoon in the east; south-westerly winds.

Lighting-up time: 7.43 p.m.

Sea passages will be moderate in the south and east; rather rough in the Irish Channel.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Forty transports have landed Japanese troops to the number of 50,000 men, with stores, near the estuary of the Yalu. A few Russians are said to have re-crossed the Yalu, and a Japanese squadron has been sighted off Isakod Island, near Vladivostok. The Tsar has given two and a half million pounds to the war fund.—(Page 2.)

Reuter records an alleged attempt on the life of the young King of Spain at Barcelona.—(Page 2.)

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales represented the King at the funeral of the late Prince Edward of Sax Weimar at Chichester yesterday.—(Page 4.)

On the invitation of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, the Lord Mayor yesterday attended a service at the City Temple in state.—(Page 4.)

King Christian IX. of Denmark, the "Father-in-law of Europe," to-day celebrates his eighty-sixth birthday.—(Page 3.)

It is hoped that the sunken submarine A1 may be raised to-day.—(Page 2.)

Lord Rosslyn denies that he was robbed of £200 at the Kempton race meeting. "I have never possessed so much money in my life," is his lordship's statement.—(Page 4.)

Touching scenes were witnessed at the funeral yesterday of Mrs. Lee, found dead under tragic circumstances in the lake of Birkenhead Park.—(Page 4.)

Through the efforts of a *Mirror* representative, Miss Witham, the barmaid recently reported to the police as missing, has returned to her friends.—(Page 6.)

Three men have been arrested on suspicion in connection with the recent theft of cannon at Woolwich. The police state a fourth—now undergoing sentence for another offence—is also implicated.—(Page 6.)

At Glasgow yesterday a father shot his little girl dead with a revolver, and then turned the weapon on himself, inflicting wounds which, it is believed, will prove fatal.—(Page 6.)

Sir Henry Irving tells of some interesting reminiscences.—(Page 13.)

On the Lens at Folkestone an invalid, named Salkeld, was shot at by a man said to be a German tutor. No motive is known for the outrage. The injured man is in a serious condition.—(Page 2.)

In this issue will be found special photographs depicting the scenes amid which the British Expedition is making its way through Tibet.—(Pages 8,9.)

According to the Paris "Eclair," one of the Anglo-French Agreement clauses provides for Sierra Leone and a part of the north of the Gambia Colony being given up to France.—(Page 4.)

Taken into custody after a street fight, a man of bad character died in the cells at Kennington-road police-station. At the inquest yesterday the jury found that death was accidental.—(Page 6.)

North London residents are in favour of immediate action being taken to put an end to the Mormon meetings now being held at Finsbury Town Hall.—(Page 3.)

Mr. H. Blackwell, whose spirit pictures recently appeared in the *Mirror*, tells how this interesting work can be accomplished with the camera.—(Page 14.)

When a young woman was charged at Westminster with attempting suicide it was explained she had taken a harmless liniment for horses.—(Page 7.)

Two suspects, charged at Westminster, were watched by the police for four hours, a visit to the Natural History Museum being included in this time.—(Page 6.)

Manchester magistrates have remanded a servant girl, alleged to have invented a most sensational story of a dead man returning to life.—(Page 6.)

Summoned at Leeds, a lady passive resister was ordered to undergo three days' imprisonment.—(Page 13.)

Inhabitants of St. Louis regard with much curiosity the six London policemen who have arrived there to guard the late Queen Victoria's Jubilee presents on view at the exhibition.—(Page 7.)

For "the girl clerk and a few home truths about her capacity," see special article.—(Page 10.)

Particulars are given in this issue of the ingenious contrivance invented by a Hove gentleman for automatically recording the pace travelled by a motor-car.—(Page 13.)

Curling, a Scottish game, as introduced at Prince's Skating Club, has become very popular, many well-known men being now numbered among its admirers.—(Page 4.)

On the Stock Exchange the tone was fairly even. Consols closed practically unchanged. There was a steady demand for Home Railway securities. Americans were less settled. The weekly return of the Bank of England showed the reserve to be £593,000 lower.—(Page 14.)

To-day's Arrangements.

The Court changes to half-mourning for the late Duke of Cambridge.

Incorporated Society of Medical Officers of Health: Dr. J. Howard Jones on "The Control of Measles Epidemics," 7.30.

London Spiritual Alliance: Mr. J. W. Boulding on "Some Interesting Spiritual Experiences," Royal Society of British Artists, 7.45.

Court Theatre: Revival of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona."

Racing: Leicester, Catterick. Golf: At Formby, English Bar v. Irish Bar.

'THE FATHER-IN-LAW OF EUROPE.'

King Christian of Denmark Celebrates His 86th Birthday

To-Day in the Presence of King Edward, and of His Daughter, Our Beloved Queen.

Today King Christian IX. of Denmark celebrates his eighty-sixth birthday.

Like the kings in the history books of one's childhood, Christian IX. rejoices in a sobriquet as befits a monarch of his venerable years. He has two. His subjects acclaim him as the "much-loved," the rest of the world knows him as the "father-in-law of Europe." Here is his opinion in two halves of a nutshell.

The Danes adore their King. They love him for his genial simplicity of manner, his handsome face and gallant bearing, his autocratic insistence on his own way. This last peculiarity, strangely enough, though it often offends the political mind of the nation, never seems to lessen by a jot the affectionate pride with which they regard their ruler. More than once during the thirty years of his reign a cloud of national discontent has obscured the King's popularity, but such feeling has always been brief as a thunder shower, and the royal sun has always emerged to shine with greater radiance than before.

King By Marriage.

With the death of Frederick VII., in 1863, the direct male line of the ancient kings of Denmark came to an end, and Christian succeeded in right of having married the late Queen Louise, who, as sister of the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, came next in order of succession. The Landgrave resigned his rights to his sister, and she in turn to her husband, born Prince of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg.

It was in the heyday of his young manhood that Prince Christian, a dashing young captain of the Guards, met Princess Louise of Hesse at Castle Rumpenheim. Her great beauty attracted him, her goodness won his heart, and in the month of May, 1842, they were married in Copenhagen.

The first years of their married life were passed in the Gule Palais, in the Danish capital. The Prince was not then proclaimed heir-presumptive, and he and his lovely wife were forced, as much by necessity as by their own good sense to bring up their children in the simplest possible fashion.

Even after his accession the Danish Court was the most modest in Europe, and there was nothing in the quiet lives of the young princes and prin-

cesses to forecast the brilliant futures which lay before them.

The story goes that an old gipsy dame prophesied that the future held golden crowns in store for the three radiant young girls whose lives were passed in a quiet round of small pleasures and conscientiously fulfilled duties. The trio laughed at the gipsy's tale, but it proved to be "over true," for Alexandra is now Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Dagmar has worn an Imperial crown as Empress of Russia, and Thyra became Duchess of Cumberland.

The second son of the royal family accepted the throne of Greece before his father's ascent of the Danish throne. The other two—Christian, the heir-presumptive, and Valdemar, the youngest—make their home in their own seagirt country.

In these latter days the father-in-law of Europe retains his taste for simple living, his passion for horses, and a decided penchant for playing Haroun al Raschid among his faithful Danes.

In this rôle he has met with many adventures, more amusing than romantic. An over-energetic cyclist once all but ran down a grey-haired pedestrian, and unbundled himself of a storm of ferocious language which changed to the humblest of low-voiced apologies when the identity of his victim was revealed. Another day King Christian, taking his favourite dog for an airing in the streets of Copenhagen, rescued, with kingly promptitude, two little girls who were gaily trotting across the road unaware that an electric tram was bearing down upon them. His Majesty has had more than one brush with his Socialist subjects.

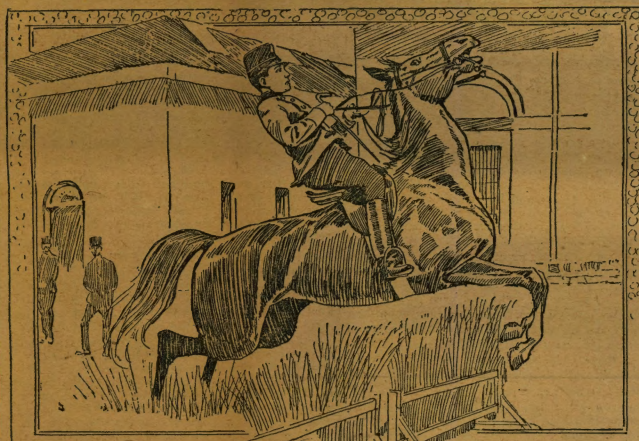
Vigorous Disputant.

There is probably good foundation for the story which represents the King in heated discussion with a body of strikers whom he met at a street-corner. With great energy he argued the case from the masters' point of view, giving as good as he got in the wordy warfare, and leaving the workmen greatly set up by the interest he showed in their affairs, though not converted to the royal point of view.

To-day the King, whose eighty-six years make him the second oldest ruler in Europe, will achieve another brilliant success as "much loved" monarch and no less beloved father, father-in-law, grandfather and great-grandfather.

England's good wishes for many happy returns will come from King Edward, and will swell the chorus of congratulation led by the affectionate greetings of his sixty-eight descendants.

KING ALPHONSO'S DAILY RIDE.



The young King of Spain, against whose life it was falsely reported yesterday that an attempt had been made, believes in horse exercise, and rides every morning.

(Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist.)

CINCINNATUS DE WET.

Famous Leader Now Peacefully Occupied on His Farm.

A Frenchman—M. Robert Huchard—has written a book on his travels in the Transvaal, in which he draws a delightful picture of the simple homely life of the Boer General De Wet.

M. Huchard stayed at De Wet's farm, and sketches his daily life:—At breakfast, when the General made fervent grace before the meal; at daytime, when De Wet laments the loss of some cattle, and at evening, when the family assembled in the big, low-ceilinged sitting-room and sang hymns to the music of a harmonium.

The Frenchman seems to have been disappointed at not finding the redoubtable General a hero of the Gascon type, but his description of the family is intensely interesting. There are three tall, hardy young men, three tall, brunette daughters, and three little boys. The mother is described as a small and rather stern-looking woman.

The three youngest children seem to be as fond of a romp as children of their age everywhere. They took their French guest for a ride. Two mules were harnessed to a rickety wagon, and they started off at a gallop across the veldt. One held the reins, while another, African fashion, cracked the whip, the third sat on the tailboard with his bare legs hanging over the end.

Manchester magistrates yesterday adjourned for a month application regarding the liquor licence for the Central Station. They did not think the secretary of a railway company could exercise proper control.

TITLED TRADERS.

Commercial Side of the British Peerage.

Viscount Middleton has decided to establish on a business footing the quarries in his Irish estate, which produce a peculiarly valuable quality of red granite. Many peers nowadays are interested in businesses other than those of brewing, banking, or the legal profession.

The Earl De La Warr has successfully transformed portions of his Bexhill estate in Sussex into a popular seaside resort, and employs an orchestra whereby the delights of that place may be increased. Lords Londonderry, Warwick, and Durham are coal merchants. The Marquis of Anglesey runs a theatrical company, mainly, however, for charity.

Lord Glenesk and Lord Burnham are newspaper proprietors. Viscount Deerpark has been in the Stock Exchange; Lord Fairfax, who has only lately claimed the title to which he is indubitably entitled, is connected with an American firm of brokers. The Duke of Argyll may fairly be classed as a journalist, as he writes for the magazines upon topics ranging from politics to ghost stories.

Lord Armstrong's name in connection with the manufacture of armament is known the world over. Lord Rayleigh has dairy farms and shops; Lord Sudeley has tried to make the manufacture of jam a speciality, and many of the sons of peers are engaged in businesses ranging from the selling of wine to the management of ladies' hat shops.

SINS OF MORMONISM.

London's Conscience Awakened to the Evil.

SOME SPIRITED PROTESTS.

Will the ratepayers of Finsbury continue to allow their town hall to be used by Mormon proselytisers?

Judging by the state of public opinion on the matter strong and immediate action is called for to put an end to what is certainly a social evil.

As a correspondent points out, there are laws against procuring for immoral purposes. "Can not these," he asks, "be applied against these missionaries, whose object is without doubt to entice young girls and women to live an immoral life?"

Discussing the situation yesterday a well-known North London clergyman said: "The officials in control of Finsbury Town Hall cannot be blind to the potent evil resulting from the preaching of a doctrine with which such terrible immorality is associated. Whatever the creed preached by the Mormon missionaries at present in London, there is no doubt whatever that polygamy is rampant in Utah."

"I am broad-minded enough to admit that were the doctrines they are endeavouring to spread purely and simply of a religious nature, I would not from any petty denominational jealousy miss any objection to their propaganda, but it is impossible to overlook the terrible history of Mormonism, or to believe in face of the revelations that from time to time take place that polygamy is no longer existent in Utah. If the interests of morality these Mormon missionaries must be driven from our midst."

Revelation Paradoxes.

Mr. Tracy Young Cannon, Brigham Young's grandson, was questioned by a *Mirror* representative as to the existence of polygamy in Salt Lake City.

"I can solemnly affirm," he stated, "that no polygamous marriage has been solemnised by the Mormon Church since 1888, when the law prohibiting bigamy was enforced. At the present time polygamy is banned by the Mormon Church, owing to a revelation from the Lord forbidding it."

"When was this revelation made," Mr. Cannon was asked; "after the Act of Congress was passed?"

"Yes," replied the Mormon.

"Then, why, if polygamy, as you state, was forbidden by Divine revelation, do you still regard it as a Divine principle?" was a further interrogation.

No explanation was forthcoming to this statement of a paradoxical situation.

"Have any polygamous marriages been secretly performed since 1888?" was the last question.

"Not to my knowledge," was the reply. Recent revelations in America prove that Mr. Cannon is very ill-informed, or wilfully blind, to the condition of things in the Mormon community, for it is well established that the only difference in the situation in Salt Lake City before 1888 and at the present time is that now polygamous marriages are secretly performed instead of openly as before the prohibiting Act was passed.

Missionary Hypocrisy.

A prominent Canadian official at present staying in London, whose duties have made him cognisant of the extent of Mormon proselytism through out Canada, and who, during a stay in Salt Lake City, investigated the conditions, told a *Mirror* representative yesterday that polygamy is as rife as ever there.

"The immorality of the community," he stated "is positively revolting."

"The story of a divine revelation forbidding polygamy is a ridiculous invention spread for the purpose of enabling them to seemingly comply with the law as a religious principle when they found that it was impossible to prevent the law being enforced. It is on a par with the rest of the hypocrisy that marks the preachings of their missionaries. They profess great indignation at the action recently taken in regard to Senator Smoot, and state that he is not a polygamist; but how can they explain the fact that when, during his examination, he was asked how many children he had, he was unable to give the exact number, and on the morrow gave a startling statement as to the number. I cannot recall the exact figures, but they certainly strongly suggested polygamous unions."

Hotbed of Vice.

Salt Lake City, this same official declared, is a regular hotbed of vice. "Lewd and disgusting rites mark the polygamous unions which are continually taking place," he added, "and I have had placed before me some astonishing facts in regard to the kidnapping of young girls."

"Where, as sometimes happens, girls whom the missionaries are trying to ensnare do not prove willing converts, a forcible abduction is frequent. A girl is taken to the house of the elder for whom she is intended. After she is ruined, morally and socially, she has perforce to accept the situation that is forced upon her. I am not referring now to an exceptional case; such occurrences are, unfortunately, too common."

If a period is to be put to the spread of the Mormon doctrines in this country, prompt action must be taken.

Persons who pose as emigration agents to the State of Utah should have their credentials carefully scrutinised, for the rôle of emigrant agent is a favourite one with Mormon proselytisers.

VICAR'S DAMP VESTRY MEETING.

The Rev. Edwin Dyson is peculiar in holding vestry meetings in the open air, in the pouring rain, at the uncomfortable hour of eight in the morning.

He is the vicar of Shuttleworth, near Bury, and the relations between him and his parishioners are somewhat strained.

Yesterday morning he silently emerged from the neighbourhood vicarage, and, passing round the church, led the fifty members of his congregation present to the door of the vestry.

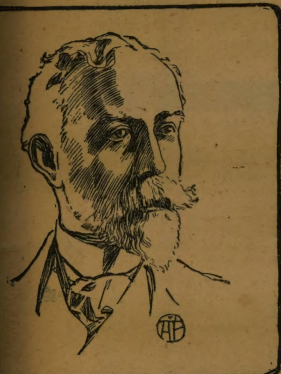
Instead of entering the room he announced that the meeting was adjourned to the outside.

The only business was to elect the people's churchwarden, and this having been formally done, the vicar reappeared his niece as his own ward.

These strange proceedings are naturally causing considerable comment in the district.

Who Has Been Instrumental in Settling Anglo-French Questions.

Special interest is attached to the moment to the personality of M. Paul Cambon, French Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, who has been one of the most active and enthusiastic workers in procuring cordial relations between England and France. Already the negotiations for settling outstanding disputes have resulted in the signing of a Treaty of Arbitration between the two countries, and when the present agreement is concluded, as is fully expected, in a few days, the possibility of any quarrelling between England and France will be at an end.



M. PAUL CAMBON.

French Ambassador to England, has returned to London from Paris, where he has been cementing the "entente cordiale."

(Drawn from a photo by a "Mirror" artist.

reduced to a minimum, if it will not be altogether avoided.

Only last week M. Cambon made a special journey to Paris, where he had a prolonged interview with M. Delcasse, Minister for Foreign Affairs, on the matter of the Agreement, and no sooner had he arrived in London again on Wednesday than he had a special interview with Lord Downe at the Foreign Office on the same subject.

Cambon is sixty-one years of age, and has been the post of Ambassador to the British Court since 1898. He has occupied many important posts in the French Ministry, including the office of Ambassador at Madrid and Constantinople. The "Paris Echo" publishes the following from a letter from Cambon: "A rumour is current that the Anglo-French agreement contains several clauses of which little mention has hitherto been made. According to this account, the British will cede the Azores Islands (Sierra Leone) and a part of the colony of the Gambia to France."

FAMOUS "CURLERS."

Champions and Celebrities at Prince's Club.

Scotland has given the South the game of golf, and is in a fair way of becoming a national recreation.

Another Scottish game is now being introduced into the London Caledonian Curling Club at the Prince's Skating Club.

Ice requires as a necessity for its existence a very less extensive sheet of ice. This is such in London under natural conditions that the game is confined to the popular artificial rink, the Prince's Skating Club, Knightsbridge, where are now being played the most important events held in London.

W. G. Grace, bearded and portly, but as ever, took part yesterday, his "skip" or captain being Sir John Heron Maxwell. The great cricketer, however, was not up to his best form, his team only scored 8 points, against 41 by their Scotch rivals.

The Secretary of State for Scotland, the Right Hon. Andrew Grahame Murray, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and the Earl of Mansfield are also taking part in the games, while the Earl of Rosebery and the Duke of Roxburgh occasionally bear a part.

J. M. Barrie is another celebrity who finds time from writing successful plays and novels to be a player.

TO EYE WITNESSES.

The "Daily Illustrated Mirror" writes amateur and professional artists and photographers to send IMMEDIATELY rough sketches and photographs of interesting and important happenings which may come under their notice at home or abroad. All photographs and sketches that are used by the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" will be sent for, but no photographs or sketches will be returned in any event. Express letter delivery or train parcels should be used whenever possible. Address: PICTURE NEWS DEPARTMENT, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 2, Carmelite Street, London.

A return just prepared shows that there are fifty teetotal mayors in England and Wales.

The Queen's exhibits at Norwich Dog Show yesterday were awarded two first prizes and one special prize.

Messrs. Babcock and Wilcox, of Glasgow, have received an order for fifty water-tube boilers for the American Navy.

In Birmingham yesterday afternoon a wall in Hope-street was blown down by the very strong wind prevailing, and in its fall killed a child named Gardner, aged three years.

In a third-class carriage at Cambridge Railway Station a porter found a parcel which he deposited in the lost property office. Yesterday the parcel was opened and found to contain the dead body of a child.

The "New Letters of Thomas Carlyle" are hardly likely to create as much stir as the correspondence of Mrs. Carlyle, which appeared last year, and led to such a heated controversy. But they are bound to be interesting. Mr. Lane will publish them on the 13th.

Although the late Mrs. Margaret Young, of Cheltenham, left property valued at £251,194, she directed by her will that her children should be liberally educated, and her sons brought up to follow some profession or business and "never become idle members of society."

A Welsh reporter took his young son with him to a trial where Mr. Justice Bucknill presided. To his surprise the boy received a note, upon opening which he read: "I see a very nice, quiet little boy watching his father writing shorthand. I send him sixpence for his money-box.—T. T. Bucknill, 31-3-00."

CENTENARIAN BREAD-WINNER.

Possibly as a tribute to the excellence of our poor law administration, most native centenarians are found enjoying the shelter of the workhouse.

In Germany, a widow named Zierner, living at Culm, has recently celebrated her 101st birthday, and boasts the proud distinction of still earning her own living by knitting stockings.

BISHOP LOST IN A FOREST.

The Bishop of Guiana (Dr. Parry) has (says Reuters) added to his experiences that of being lost in the tropical forest. The Bishop, accompanied by one of his secretaries and a number of Indian guides, started to walk through the forest by an emergency path cut three years ago and seldom used since.

The party found the path obliterated by the growth of heavy bush, and after endeavouring in vain to find a way out, the Bishop and his companions made the best of matters for the night. In the morning the guides succeeded in finding their way out.

LOVERS DIE TOGETHER.

A precocious love-tragedy has caused a melancholy sensation in Giorreto (Tuscany). Young Tosini, the sixteen-year-old son of a town councillor, cherished a secret passion for Lilla Bonn, a beautiful English girl, a year younger than himself. Three days ago the youthful lovers were missed by their respective families. A night-long search brought no relief to the anxious parents, but with the next day's sunrise came the sad certainty of the death of both. The boy and his sweetheart, a girl were found lying dead in a meadow outside the town. They had shot themselves and died in one another's arms.

JILTED GIRLS' REVENGE.

Two Hungarian girls who had been jilted by the same man have taken a terrible revenge upon their deceiver and his bride. He was a stonemason, of Peterwarden, near Arad, and had engaged himself to three girls at the same time. Finally he chose one, and after the marriage ceremony took his bride to her new home.

The two jilted girls followed the pair to the house, accompanied by an infantry soldier, brother of one of them. They succeeded in obtaining admission, and while the soldier held the man's hands the two girls dashed vinegar in his face and also that of his bride.

Terrible injuries resulted in the case of the husband, who has since died, while the young wife has lost her sight as well as her husband.

LORD MAYOR VISITS CITY TEMPLE

The Lord Mayor yesterday accepted an invitation from the Rev. R. J. Campbell, the pastor of the City Temple, to attend the Thursday midday service. His lordship attended in state with Miss Ritchie.

After a sermon by Mr. Campbell, on "A Nation's Manhood," a large party were entertained at luncheon. In reply to the toast of his health, the Lord Mayor said that large crowds were attracted to the City Temple whilst other churches were empty. He would not attempt to explain the reason.

In the course of subsequent speeches, attention was drawn to the work being done among the young men of London. £7,000 had been spent in providing a church parlour and library, of which £3,000 yet remained to be raised.

DREAM DISPELLED BY FLOGGING.

A letter from a naval officer at the front (writes our Moscow correspondent) relates an extraordinary instance of superstition among the Russian sailors.

After the first torpedo attack on the Port Arthur fleet, a warrant officer, on the Tzarevitch noticed two of the crew attempting to remove several essential parts of a big gun.

When an inquiry was held, both men affirmed solemnly that they had dreamt the night before that the gun had burst and wrecked the whole battleship. They were in great fear of the gun, and had "determined to stop it being used, in order to prevent disaster." Both men were flogged.

Lady Elliot, widow of the late Sir George William Elliot, of Scruton Hall, Yorkshire, died at her Whitby residence yesterday.

Tours throughout Canada are being organised by the Montreal Board of Trade for the benefit of English university graduates.

In the Home for Aged Jews, Stepney Green, there is a female inmate who is 103 years old, and still in the enjoyment of good health.

In front of the Walworth Town Hall a slip of mulberry tree, grown at Stratford-on-Avon, is to be planted, to mark Shakespeare's connection with the district of Southwark.

Queen Alexandra has just purchased a child's silk smoking dress, the work of Miss Maud Harper, of Ipswich, who has won the Senior Medal for silk smoking, open to the United Kingdom.

Scarborough guardians have received a gift of £50 as a thank-offering for kindness shown many years ago to the father of an old lady of eighty-two living at Newcastle.

A forest inspector in Stolberg, Germany, named Tenzler, whose fiancée announced her intention of giving him up, as she wished to marry a younger man, shot her and committed suicide.

Guilford possesses the proud record of having no prisoners for trial at seven consecutive Quarter Sessions. Yesterday the Recorder, Mr. R. M. Bray, K.C., was presented with the usual pair of white gloves.

Canon Macaulay and Canon Rayson, two venerable Leicester clergymen, have offered to give £10,000 to build and endow a church in memory of the Nedham family, two daughters of which they married.

RED MARBLE FROM IRELAND.

In the neighbourhood of Viscount Midleton's County Cork estate a promising industry is being developed in the quarrying and exportation of blocks of red marble, for which there is a steady demand on this side of the water.

Some of these beautiful blocks are to be used in the decoration of the London Stock Exchange buildings.

PRINCESS'S FUNERAL.

At Chichester yesterday the funeral of the late Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar took place. The Prince of Wales, as representing the King, followed the hearse from the railway station to the Cathedral, walking with the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. The service was conducted by the Dean of Chichester.

The wreath from the King and Queen was inscribed, "As a token of sincere affection, friendship, and regard from Edward R. and Alexandra." The Prince and Princess of Wales' wreath was inscribed, "In affectionate remembrance from George and Victoria Mary."

ATTACKED INSIDE A TREE.

Frederick Chas. Turner, sixteen, was at Willesden remanded, charged with being concerned with three other lads in custody in committing an assault and stealing a pocket-knife. Prosecutor, a boy of twelve, named Angel, said that he got inside an old, hollow oak tree, near Gladstone Park, Dollis Hill. While there, he alleged that two of the lads charged assaulted him and took away his pocket-knife. His companions stated they were prevented from going to his assistance by the two other lads, who remained outside the tree and threw stones at them. They added that when Angel came out his face was covered with blood.

BOOKS AS MEDICINE.

Quite a modern note, says the "British Medical Journal," is sounded in prescribing a literary element in the prevention and cure of nervous diseases.

Dr. B. Laquer, of Wiesbaden, condemns the consumption of exciting literature before mature age; and instead of alcohol, theatre, music-hall, concert-room, and newspaper, he recommends twelve thirty-minute hours of steady, moderate sport, every inducement to the observation of Nature, and everything which tends to improve the senses, the whole of the muscles, and to render the subjects children of the country and not of the town.

Books of travel, sober histories, and biographies should be read, but the reading should be moderate in amount, its theme frequently changed, and the habit of concentration encouraged by writing abstracts of the works read.

GIRL BRIDE'S TOUCHING FUNERAL.

There was a most touching scene at the funeral of Mrs. Lee, the young bride whose body was found in the lake at Birkenhead Park.

Her favourite flower was the daffodil, and on the night of the tragedy that brought her short life to a close she was carrying a bunch home for her mother.

Yesterday over a hundred of those who went to the funeral carried bunches of daffodils, which, after the ceremony, they cast into the open grave.

Some time ago she made the curious remark that she disliked black horses at a funeral, and this wish was respected. So the hearse was drawn by bay horses, and the procession made bright with yellow flowers.

FATHER'S CONFLICTING EMOTIONS.

Paternal pride came into conflict with righteous indignation when a man, named Armstrong, appeared at Southwark Police Court yesterday to prosecute his son Charles for assaulting him.

The son protested that his father got out of temper, and threw him to the ground. "Is it possible," asked the father, admiration and pride depicted on his face, "that I could kick a man down like that? Look at the size of him! But I stood up to him, as any father would. I would stand up to any man breathing, even Tom Sayers, and I wouldn't mind if I lost my shirt." The magistrate sentenced the prisoner to twenty-eight days' hard labour.

Lord Rosslyn Denies the Story of Racecourse Robbery.

The Earl of Rosslyn has distinguished himself in many ways. The public has read of his exploits as a dancer, as an actor, as a war correspondent twice captured by the Boers, as a "traveller," as a player at Monte Carlo, and as editor of "Scottish Life." But a short time ago, perhaps as a result of his inexperience of life, he was reported to have lost £2315 at poker to some professional card-sharpers on a transatlantic liner.

Yesterday his name again appeared in the newspapers. The "Sportsman" reported that at Kempton Park racecourse on Monday his lordship had



LORD ROSSLYN

visited Kempton Park Races on Bank Holiday, and a story was circulated that he had been robbed of £200. Lord Rosslyn denied it yesterday, and said that he had never had so much money in his life.

been relieved of a pocket-book containing bank-notes to the value of £200. But, in response to inquiries from a "Mirror" representative, Lord Rosslyn says this report is an exaggeration. "I lost a pocket-book containing papers of great value to me," he said, "but unfortunately I could not be robbed of £200. I have never possessed so much money in my life."

UMBRELLA ETIQUETTE.

Important Element in Black Chiefs' Politics.

Umbrellas are of vast importance in the etiquette and politics of West Africa, where a great king has often, as his titles, such some designate as "Lord of the Seventy-Six Umbrellas."

There is trouble at Jebu Ode, and Sir William MacGregor, the Governor of Lagos, who happened to be in London, states that the dispute was probably a recrudescence of an umbrella quarrel which he was called upon to settle some months ago.

The trouble was brought about by an inferior chief using an umbrella, which, in accordance with local court etiquette, the superior ruler considered that he was not entitled to do.

The same question had already cropped up on several previous occasions. Hitherto no one but a principal chief was allowed to carry an umbrella, and when one of his subordinates made his appearance some time ago with one of rather loud—not to say flashy—design, he was promptly fined by the local council.

In the present instance (added Sir William) the Awujale, who was the ruling chief, had apparently come down to appeal to the Acting-Governor, and the only action of the Government would be to re-establish peace between the chiefs. This was probably now being done.

MILES OF LOCUSTS.

Amazing Story of an Immense Flight.

A Bombay newspaper publishes an amazing account of a remarkable flight of locusts which visited Satara recently.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the locusts made their appearance, going from east to west, and towards evening myriads of them began to settle down to rest for the night.

Next morning there were reports, which at first were laughed at, that the roads were blocked by trees falling across them, that traffic was at a standstill, and that all this was caused by the locusts.

When the immense mass of insects resumed flight next day, some idea of its immensity was obtained. The main body, which was thick enough to form a substantial shade, occupied about one mile in breadth, with two wings a mile and a half each. The insects were travelling about seven miles an hour, and as they took eight hours in passing a given place, it is computed that they occupied about 224 square miles.

During their stay mango trees, fig and pipal trees, 10ft. to 20ft. in circumference, groaned under the weight of the locusts, and came down with a crash.

A Leeds postman, Fred Nelson, seventy-three, was yesterday committed for trial at the Assizes on a charge of stealing two postal packets containing money and coupons.

HAYMARKET. TO-NIGHT, at 9.
JOSEPH ENTANGLED, By Henry Arthur Jones.
Proceeds, at 8.20, by THE WIDOW WOOD.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
THE DARLING OF THE GODS.
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.
Zakari Mr. TREE
Yo San Miss LENA ASHWELL.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL THEATRE, Westminster.
LAST NIGHTS. LAST NIGHTS.
EVERY EVENING, at 8. SATURDAY MATINEES, at 2.
Mr. LEWIS WALLER.

A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.
By Sydney Grundy.
Proceeds, at 8.15, by A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

ST. JAMES'S. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
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LAST TWO PERFORMANCES OF
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ST. JAMES'S. SATURDAY TO MONDAY,
a new Comedy by Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce,
will be produced THURSDAY EVENING NEXT, April 14.
Box Office open 10 to 10. Tel. 5903 Ger. —ST. JAMES'S.

STRAND THEATRE. Proprietor and Manager,
Mr. FRANK CURZON. A CHINESE HONEY-
MOON (5 scenes) by George Dance, Music by Howard Talbot.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15.

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RANDALL, GEORGE ROBEY, George Lashwood,
GUS ELEN, Lily Burnand, HARRY LAUDER, the
Pulaskis, Penny Fields and other stars.—Open 7.35,
SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30.
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Under this Trust provision is made for the Free Tuition (within certain limitations) of a number of Students in Drawing, and Modelling at the Westminster School of Art, now carried on at the Technical Institute, Vincent-square, S.W. Candidates must be in real need of such assistance, and must be resident within the boundaries of the City of Westminster. There is no limitation as to sex or age, but Candidates between the ages of 15 and 25 are preferred. Forms of application may be obtained from—
FRANCIS FORD, Secretary,
50, Broom House-road, Fulham, S.W.

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The Daily Illustrated Mirror.

FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1904.

GUARANTEED DAILY CIRCULATION
EXCEEDS 145,000 COPIES.

NEWS IN PICTURES.

The *Daily Illustrated Mirror* has already broken many records, and established any number of precedents in the world's journalism, and the photographs from Tibet which we publish this morning may fairly be said to add another, and a yet more signal, triumph to our list. In our pages to-day you can see the very scenes amid which the British expedition is taking its arduous way, and the very people—the very strange people—with whom our soldiers come into contact.

The photographs were taken only yesterday, as it were. They bring us very close indeed to the officers and men of our Indian Army, who are upholding the credit and the name of Britain in this far-off, mysterious country. We cannot but follow the progress of the expedition with a far keener interest when we have before our eyes the same snowy mountain passes, and the same inhabitants of these rocky wilds, as meet their gaze from day to day.

Only a short time ago it was impossible to get, even in sixpenny papers, such vivid aids to understanding the news of the hour. To arrange for the supply of photographs of this kind is still most difficult and costly, but enterprise can surmount all obstacles. No trouble is too great, no expense too heavy, for those who approach the tasks of modern journalism with enthusiasm and determination.

Thus it is that we are able to offer the public in a halfpenny journal what they have

hitherto had to pay for at a cost twelve times as great. We could not do it, of course, if we were not assured of public support. But of that there is no doubt. There never has been any doubt from the first week of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror's* existence. Since the moment when it appeared, its success has been a settled thing, and the main problem before us now is to supply the ever-increasing demand for it from every town, every country, every corner of the land.

What we want all our readers to remember—especially those numberless Britons who see their *Mirror* far away from home—is that they can do both themselves and us a good turn by sending photographs, or rough sketches, of interesting scenes and incidents which may come under their notice. As we promise in our daily insertion, "To eye-witnesses," all such sketches or photographs that we can use we shall pay for. There is every reason why photographers and artists, both amateur and professional, should seize the opportunity that is offered to them of adding to their incomes, and at the same time enabling their fellow subscribers to realize more fully what is happening at home and abroad.

A picture tells at once what can only be told in words at great length, and even then imperfectly. The earliest writing was done in pictures, and even now the best newspaper writing cannot compete with pictures such as we publish day by day in giving accurate and vivid impressions of events as they really occur.

READERS' PARLIAMENT.

MORMON AND MAN.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)

It is quite true, as "Columbia" says, that the divorce laws in the United States are very degrading, but I do not think he is correct in saying that Mormonism owes its origin to the unsatisfactory condition of those laws. If I am not mistaken, it was that rank impostor, Joseph Smith, who very many years ago, instituted Mormonism simply in support of his absurd pretensions to be a divinely inspired prophet, and who, with the astuteness of all false prophets, devised a scheme which he thought would suit the popular taste.
Brighton. D. Z. BEAUMONT.

"WHAT IS THE NICEST THING ABOUT A WOMAN?"

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)

In my opinion, the carefully fostered notion that woman's sole aim in life is to be "sugar and spice, and all that's nice" to men is the chief cause of unhappy marriages. Happiness comes from mutual respect, not one-sided "charms."
I came across the following among a lot of stupidity and gush in a woman's paper:—"There is nothing that fascinates 'mere man' so much as a discreet glimpse of a charming petti-

coat, for the suggestion of dainty femininity it conveys."

I could not find a better illustration of the attitude of mind adopted by the unthinking of both sexes on this question. While woman is denied the common rights of citizenship, her clothes are invested with an atmosphere of too-often purrulent fascination. While women are paid sweating wages for work that men are paid a living wage for, her "sweet" and "charming" femininity receives universal homage. While men who think nothing of appearing half-clad in the public street (in the name of sport) are ready to "chi-ike" the woman who rides a bicycle in comfort our principal streets after dark testify to the real lack of moral sincerity among an enormous percentage of our adult male population.

Believe me, the "rational" and "new" woman is to be found not only in the blatant faddist and the shrieking sisterhood of the comic papers, but in thousands of thoughtful, decent women, who have souls above fashion-plates and attractive (to men) "charms."
A WORKING WOMAN.

LONDON'S SLOW-GOING TRAMS.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)

Thousands of South Londoners, including a great number of your readers, must have been delighted in reading the article referring to the South London electric tramways. There can be no excuse for detaining the cars at various points two or three minutes unless it be to allow the useful and lazy 'bus to reach the chief points of stoppage first. What can be done in Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, and other towns in the way of rapid and safe travelling the L.C.C. surely can emulate. Is it the fact that in the towns mentioned the traffic is kept more to the curb than, say, in Waltham-road and other business centres which accounts for many weary stoppages? The L.C.C. could easily improve on their present working. The old horse cars were equally as fast as at present, and your article, if it were read by the drivers and conductors, would certainly have a most beneficial result to the travelling public.
ELECTRO.

TIBETAN AFFAIR.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)

What does "Fairplay" suggest that the British force should have done at Guru? The official report states that the Tibetans began the fight; this being so, surely it was a proper military step to take all necessary means to drive the Tibetans back and prevent them from forming again, especially having regard to the small British force. One can imagine what would have been its fate in the event of its defeat and having to retreat. If "Fairplay" had studied and fully considered the whole Tibetan question and the report of the Guru fight, he would see the unfortunate necessity of what has taken place.
Harrogate. H. HACKETT.

HOME AGAIN.

The reaction that sets in after the termination of a holiday has furnished the professional humorist with material for jests for many a weary year. The disinclination to resume work, the depression of spirits, and the still more acute depression of finances due to over-expenditure during the holiday season, these things have formed the theme of gibes and verses, and stories innumerable, but it may reasonably be doubted whether the man who counts them among the realities of life is in a position to appreciate their funny side. The really strong-minded man has doubtless faced, from the beginning, the inevitable fact of his return to work; he may even have looked so far forward as to plan out exactly how he should attack the arrears awaiting him; but it is to be feared that such a common-sense proceeding is quite beyond the average toiler. Up to the last

moment he has resolutely put the thought of work away from him; it will, he thinks, spoil his holiday, and, until the sordid realities of packing are forced upon his attention, he lives in a continual attempt at self-deception which is more remarkable for its effort than for its results.

So, when he finds himself once more amid the familiar surroundings, he is apt to be out of temper with everything and everybody, and when he finds that the walls of the office where he works may by a slight exercise of the imagination be made to recede and melt away, leaving a view of blue waves breaking on a sandy beach, or of apple-trees bursting forth into a glory of pink and white blossom, he is apt to be tempted to repeat the performance again and again, to the disorganisation of his work and the inevitable increase of his present miseries.

Ah, those jests in the comic papers are very funny, without a doubt; they must be funny or the editors would not print them. There was that story he read last night coming home in the train, about Brown, who spent so much money on his Easter holiday that he had to spend his summer vacation working as a bus conductor, in order to make up the deficit. That must be funny, and yet he feels that he may come perilously near to following the example of the comic paper hero, and that for him is no laughing matter.

The knowledge that his wife acted as a restraining influence certainly gives cause for gratitude towards her, and this naturally embitters him against her. When he quits the office it will be to discuss ways and means with that superior person who had the impertinence to know better than he did, and whose abstinence from the spoken reproach which would give him a chance to flare up, will, as likely as not, aggravate her offences.

It were better, he thinks, to sit here with the ink drying on his pen and dream of blue waves and green fields until such time as holiday time comes round again. Only, of course, that may not be.

In a day or two at most the brighter side of things asserts itself. The bodily vigour gained by relaxation begins to tell, vain repinings seem a childish way of spending time, and with his shoulders squared the returned wanderer feels, as, indeed, he is, a better man for his holiday.

FRUGALITY IN CLUBS.

The article we printed recently which dealt with the decay of the old-fashioned club has attracted considerable attention.

Members of the older and more expensive clubs find themselves in a quandary. Will they be obliged to resign their clubs? The subscriptions are already very high; it seems likely that they will become even higher.

The secretary of a long-established club in St. James's-street told a member of the *Mirror* staff yesterday that this year will probably see some striking alterations in the management of some of the best-known West End clubs.

"It is very difficult to make both ends meet," he said. "A few years ago wine was very freely consumed—and the most expensive wines—by our members. Nowadays for luncheon many people drink a bottle of the mineral water which is ordered then by their doctor. Sometimes a mere drop of whisky serves to flavour the draught; even this is becoming daily more rare. The palmy days of champagne at twenty-five shillings a bottle, port at half that sum, and 'Waterloo' sherry or liqueur brandies are becoming a mere memory of the past."

"So also," he added, "are the extravagant prices paid for the best cigars obtainable. Cigarettes are much cheaper, and our members are now allowed to smoke the frugal pipe if they want to, thus all our immediate profits are lessened by 75 per cent."

"Temperance makes steady progress, and club members who no longer spend money on their personal consumption of luxuries will have to pay extra for their annual subscriptions."



THE GRIP-YOUR-HAND-LIKE-A-VICE BEAST.

YESTERDAY'S LAW AND POLICE.

STOLEN CANNON'S FATE.

Four Months After Their Theft at Woolwich, Three Arrests are Made.

Though it is nearly four months since six cannon of much historic value were stolen from Woolwich Rotunda, the police have never relaxed their efforts in searching for the thieves. They have now effected the arrests of three men, who are alleged to have been concerned in stealing and disposing of the guns.

Two of these men were secured last Saturday. Their names are John Sexton, a scaffolder, and Alfred Adkins, a bricklayer's labourer, both giving addresses in Plumstead. In view of the possibility of further arrests being made, the police, to avoid publicity, brought the accused men before the magistrate, sitting in camera. Following this, late on Wednesday night they took into custody, at a house in Cambridge-road, Barking, a man named James Henry Davies, described as an engineer, late of the Paragon Iron and Brass Works, Manor Way, North Woolwich, on a charge of receiving the stolen property.

Davies was charged before the Greenwich magistrate yesterday, Detective-Inspector Hailstone stating that after his arrest the prisoner at first denied all knowledge of the affair, but subsequently admitted that a postcard found at Sexton's house had been written by him. He added, "They (the guns) were not all run down, and my man took some pieces and got rid of them somewhere near Beckton gasworks."

A Fourth Man Suspected.

A remand was ordered till Saturday. The three prisoners will be placed in the dock together, and it is understood that the police will then produce a fourth man, who is alleged to have been concerned in the robbery, but is at present undergoing imprisonment on another charge.

The six guns which the prisoners are charged with stealing were all of excellent design and workmanship, one being a brass falcon dated 1661, and another a brass three-pounder dated 1776. The Rotunda, on which they were kept mounted, is an isolated building standing on Woolwich Common. From 4 p.m. to 8 a.m. no watch was kept over them, and during this period one day last December they disappeared, wheelmarks in the sand indicating that they had been taken away in a cart. It is improbable that any of them will ever be recovered, as the police believe that they have all been melted down.

SHADOWING SUSPECTS.

"Bank of Engraving" Notes as Evidence of Affluence.

For nearly four hours on Wednesday afternoon Detective-Sergeant Watts watched the movements of an elderly man named John Wharton, who bears the euphonious alias of "Pretty Johnny," and a companion named Henry Lamb, described as a horse-dealer.

At the end of this period of shadowing their movements the detective felt justified in arresting them, as he came to the conclusion that they were waiting an opportunity to work the confidence trick. To the Westminster magistrate, before whom the men were charged yesterday as being suspected persons, the officer gave an account of their movements.

Both were well known to the police, he said. He first saw them with a third man, who was very well dressed, standing opposite Morley's Hotel, Trafalgar-square. Lamb had some conversation with Wharton, and after a time a gentleman left the hotel and was followed by the companion of the prisoners, who was not in custody. The prisoners also followed, and spent some time loitering in Whitehall. Suddenly they retraced their steps to Charing Cross, and thence to Piccadilly, where they boarded a bus for South Kensington. On reaching the Bell and Horns public-house, opposite the Brompton Oratory, they entered, and remained there for half an hour.

Visiting the Museum.

Meantime Detective-Sergeant Watts had seen Detective Davy, and this officer saw Lamb make two visits to the Natural History Museum, and return to the public-house. At length the officers, seeing the men together on a public seat at Cromwell-road, went up, and told them they would be taken into custody as suspects.

Wharton replied, "You have made a mistake. I was having a walk." On the men being searched six "Bank of Engraving" notes were found on each, secreted in their socks.

The magistrate asked what explanation they had to give as to the possession of the notes.

Wharton: Oh, when we go to race meetings, we like to convey the impression that we have plenty of money.

The prisoners were remanded, in order that further inquiries might be made.

MISSIONER IN NEED OF REFORMATION.

Ellen Daniels, fifty-two, who has on several occasions annoyed the Rev. E. C. Carr, Church Army chaplain, residing at Bolton-gardens, Kensington, appeared on a remanded charge of assault at the West London Police Court.

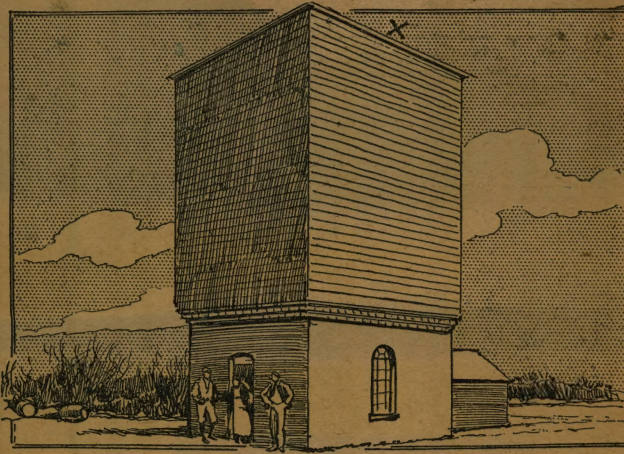
Going to the rev. gentleman's residence, she was intercepted by his coachman, whom she struck on the face.

Daniels, at one time connected with the mission work of the Church Army, was now ordered two months' hard labour. "Very good, sir," was her comment as she left the dock.

CURIOUS POST-MORTEM DISCOVERY.

Conducting a post-mortem examination on the body of a labourer, who expired from lockjaw, a West Ham hospital doctor found set in the neck a piece of metal, an inch and a half long, and a quarter of an inch in diameter. It was neither corroded nor oxidised, and the doctor could not say how the metal got into such a position. Death, he added, was no way due to its presence.

STETCHWORTH TANK TRAGEDY.



At the top of this building is the tank in which two young men drowned themselves. Drawn from a photo after first tying their bodies together. [By a "Mirror" artist.]

GIRL'S STRANGE RUSE.

"Kills" Her Lover to Gain a Father Looks Himself in With Holiday.

The Manchester police yesterday investigated a most sensational and romantic story of a dead man returning to life, alleged to have been invented by a servant girl at Longsight, to deceive her mistress and to enable her to spend Good Friday with another girl, who is also in service in that district.

The girl is engaged to a young railway employee, who lived by himself in a house which had been taken with a view to their early marriage. On Thursday night last week a telegram was delivered to the girl stating that her sweetheart had been killed on the railway, and that the corpse had been taken to his home.

With a sad face and bowed down with grief, the girl hastened there, and on returning was questioned by her mistress. She tearfully related that her "boy" was dead, that a doctor had given a death certificate, and even then a woman was engaged in laying out the corpse. The next morning she said she would go round to the house to procure some papers relating to the furniture, and after a short absence returned in a state of intense alarm.

The "Corpse" Sat Up.

The household sought explanations, and the girl said that after placing some flowers on the bed she was about to look into the coffin when she was terror-stricken to see the corpse sit up. It opened its eyes, looked round, and when it beheld its affinity, said, "You owe me three kisses." At this, said the girl, she rushed headlong downstairs, and called in a doctor and nurse. She afterwards said her lover was recovering, and was out of danger. Some of the girl's statements, however, lacked definiteness, and this led to the police making inquiries. It was then found that the story was a concoction, and that the telegram was sent by the girl's friend in order that they might spend Good Friday together as a holiday.

KING OF DIAMOND SMUGGLERS.

Death of the Poe of the United States Treasury.

The duty imposed upon imported diamonds by the Government of the United States is so large that smuggling of stones is very prevalent.

News has just come to hand that Max Lasar, known throughout America as the Diamond Smuggler King, has died at his home in Roma.

Lasar was an extremely ingenious evader of the Treasury officials, and was quite the cleverest in his line of business. For many years he was shadowed by detectives. But he evaded arrest until four years ago. He purchased a quantity of unmounted stones in Holland, and returned with them to Montreal. Thence, still shadowed, he went to Toronto. On the train he met a young married couple, who were accompanied by a Dr. Vendeleger. Lasar made friends with the party, and was invited to travel with them over the Canadian frontier. To the bride he entrusted a small parcel, which, he said, contained his wedding present to her; but he asked her not to open it until he met her again at Niagara, as he and the doctor were going to travel across the lake.

Caught at Last.

On Lasar's arrival on the American side he was immediately arrested, searched, and, of course, no diamonds were found upon him. Another inspector, warned by wire from Toronto, stopped the bridal pair on the American side of the Niagara bridge. "What have you here, madam?" said the official, pointing to the small parcel which the bride was carrying. She replied that it was only a trinket. It proved, however, to be a parcel of diamonds of enormous value. The newly-married couple denounced Lasar, and he was sentenced to a fine and six months' imprisonment. The diamonds were confiscated by the Government. Subsequently Lasar was returning from England to America with diamonds worth \$25,000. He showed these to an English girl on board whom he promised to marry. She brought an action against him for breach of promise, and the matter leaked out in course of evidence. More imprisonment followed, and since then, until yesterday, little has been heard of the most expert smuggler in America.

CHAMBER OF DEATH.

Glasgow was the scene yesterday afternoon of a pitiable tragedy, a father shooting his little daughter, a child two and a half years old, and afterwards turning the weapon upon himself, inflicting injuries from which he is not expected to recover.

The man is a commercial traveller, named David McKendrick, living at 23, Roselea-drive. He lost his wife some time ago, and had since then been subject to prolonged fits of despondency.

While he was at home yesterday his mother had reason to suspect that he was the worse for drink. Without making any reply he went into another room and locked himself in with the little girl. A little while afterwards shots were heard, the door was forced open, and the bodies of McKendrick and his child were found lying on the bed. The little girl was already dead, but McKendrick still showed signs of life.

He had left a note stating that he intended to take the child's life and his own.

DYING ON THE BEACH.

Wealthy Canadian's Singular Fate at Southend.

Mystery surrounds the death of Mr. J. S. Bennett, the Canadian who was found lying unconscious on Rochford beach, near Southend.

On March 16 last he arrived at the Hotel Victoria, Northumberland-avenue, apparently from Montreal. From that date until Saturday he had a room at the hotel. On Saturday he left for a brief holiday in the country.

On Monday some children playing by Rochford Creek saw a man lying on the mud, apparently asleep. Some yachtsmen also noticed the still figure, but, it being Bank Holiday, when people are often seen lying about, paid no particular attention to it. The children, returning some hours later and seeing the man had not moved, ran home and told their parents, who at once informed the police.

Washed by the Tide.

On reaching the spot the policeman found the man was unconscious, and that they had arrived only just in time to save him from drowning. He was half-buried in the semi-liquid mud, and the rising tide had covered his body, and was just washing over his face.

The unconscious man was immediately removed to the Rochford Workhouse Infirmary, where it was found that he was in possession of a large sum of money and valuable securities. Letters and papers in his pockets showed his name and London address. His room at the Victoria Hotel was examined, but afforded no solution of the mystery.

He had apparently made no preparation for a lengthened absence, and letters and telegrams continued to arrive for him on Monday and Tuesday. On Wednesday morning Mr. Molson, of Cheltenham, who is said to have been Mr. Bennett's employer, called at the Victoria Hotel, and, hearing of his plight, went down to Rochford. But Mr. Bennett never recovered consciousness, and died early yesterday morning.

Mysterious Visit.

Inquiry has hitherto only served to deepen the mystery. The dead man had been asked to spend Easter with his employer at Cheltenham, for whom he had recently received a present of a handsome gold ring, inscribed with his own and his employer's names, which he was wearing when he died. But in reply to this invitation he wrote that he was going to Southend for a few days.

No one answering his description stayed at any of the Southend hotels, and no one in the village of Rochford appears to have seen him. When found his features could be scarcely seen for mud, and he had obviously been lying there some hours, probably since before sunrise. The mystery of his actions seems at present wholly inexplicable.

He was manager of a branch of an English business in Montreal, from whence he came only a few weeks ago. The cause of death is at present unknown, and an inquest will shortly be held on the body at Rochford.

MISSING BARMAID FOUND.

Restored to Her Friends Through a "Mirror" Representative.

There is no longer any mystery as to the whereabouts of Lily Witham, the young barmaid, whose distressed mother told the Clerkenwell magistrate some days ago that her daughter had been missing since March 28. Through the efforts of a *Mirror* representative she has been found, and is now staying with friends of her family.

The girl had been acting as barmaid at the Angel Tavern, in John-street, Minories, but she left this situation a week ago last Monday. She did not return to her home in Dagmar-street, Islington, and her mother, attracted by her absence, sought for her at the houses of relatives and friends, but without result. The representative of the *Mirror*, learning that the girl had expressed a strong desire to go on the stage, took up this clue. Inquiries at theatres in the north of London, however, failed to reveal any trace of her.

Traced by an Advertisement.

Subsequently a new clue was forthcoming, and this being followed up it was found that a resident in Eden-grove, Holloway, who had inserted an advertisement in a local paper for a girl to look after a small general shop in the neighbourhood had received an application from a girl answering the description of the missing barmaid.

Traced to the address which she had given, the applicant proved to be none other than Miss Witham, a blonde, attractive-looking girl, not yet eighteen years of age. She had been passing under another name, but challenged on the point she admitted her identity.

She explained that when she was given notice to leave by her employer she decided she would not return home, but would endeavour to obtain an engagement on the stage. Her efforts had been unsuccessful, however, and in order to support herself in the meantime she had been answering



MISS LILY WITHAM, a barmaid, who has been missing for several days, has been discovered, alive and well, by the "Mirror" artist. [Sketched from life by a "Mirror" artist.]

advertisements with the idea of obtaining a temporary situation. She was sharing her lodging with a girl friend, to whom she had confided her plans before leaving the public-house.

She has now been persuaded to go to the house of a friend, but will not abandon the idea of going on the stage.

VIOLENT LEAVE-TAKING.

Annoyed at receiving notice from her landlady, Emily Louisa Moore, a young married woman living in Sellin-court-road, Tooting, protested with such violence that she has been sentenced to two months' hard labour at the South-Western Police Court.

She slammed the doors, and with friends danced and sang, making a great noise. When the landlady appeared, Mrs. Moore threw a rug at her, and then, seizing her by the shoulders, struck her in the face.

Mrs. Nicholls, who appeared in court with her face much bruised, stated she was rendered unconscious.

One of the prisoner's witnesses, for using threats in court, was bound over to keep the peace.

DEATH IN A CELL.

Found drunk and fighting outside a public-house in Kennington-road on Bank Holiday, Edward Delay, forty, was arrested and taken to Kennington-road Police Station. There he died in his cell.

Evidence given at the inquest showed that after he had committed an assault Delay was struck by a man named John Maroney, and fell heavily, sustaining a fracture of the skull.

The police described Delay as a worthless fellow, an associate of thieves. On the other hand, Maroney, who gave himself up to the authorities, was said to be a most respectable printing employee.

The jury found that Delay met his death accidentally.

EXPERT IN SERVANT PROBLEMS.

Mr. Francis, the South-Western Police Court magistrate, was invited by an applicant to offer advice respecting her maid, who had left her service without proper notice.

Declining to accept such a responsibility, the magistrate smilingly suggested that she should ask Mr. Lane, K.C., of the West London Court, and consult him. That magistrate, he said, had, judging from the newspaper reports, entered into a lengthy exposition of the rights of domestics, and it might be advisable if the applicant sought his interpretation of the law.

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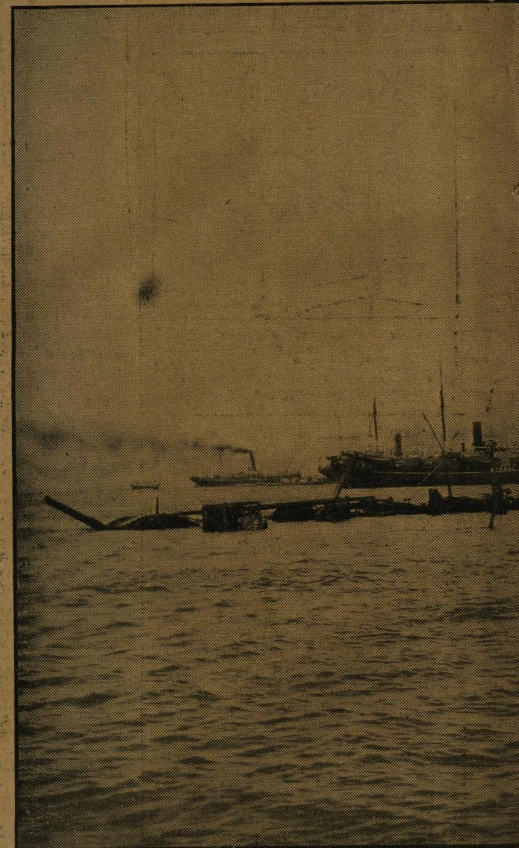
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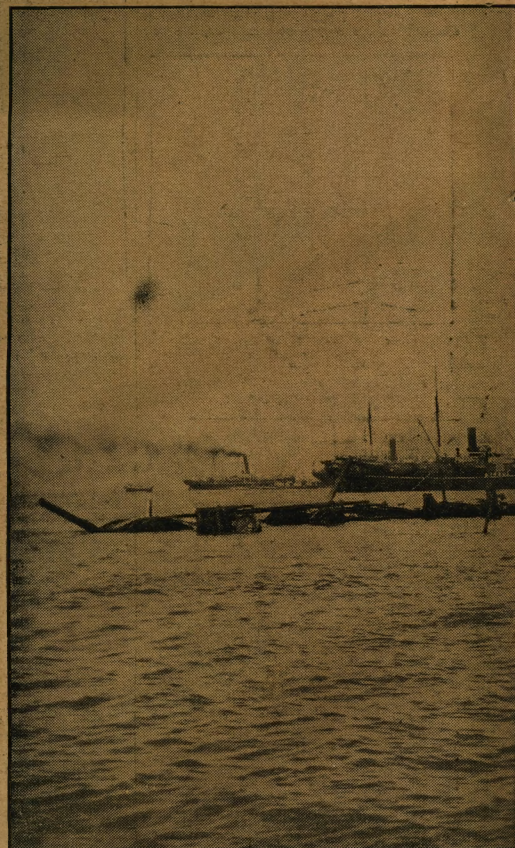
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BY LIEUT.-COLONEL L. A. WADDELL, THE PRINCIPAL MEDICAL OFFICER.

FOR TOMMY.

ENTERING THE FORBIDDEN LAND.



The Tibetans moved their belongings towards the troops.
[Lieut.-Colonel Waddell.]



almost as high above the sea as the summit of Mount Chumolhari.
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The British Expedition entered Tibet by the Jelap Pass. The baggage had to be carried on the backs of mules and oxen, which suffered terribly from the cold. To the right is a pole of the field telegraph.
Special "Mirror" photograph by [Lieut.-Colonel Waddell.]

IGHTY SHIP.

THE TOMBS OF HER ANCESTORS.



anese at Chemulpho in the first flight of the war.



During her stay in Denmark Queen Alexandra has visited Roskilde Cathedral, where rest all the Kings and Queens of Denmark since the 10th century.



Specially Drawn by Miss A. S. HOARE for the "Daily Illustrated Mirror."

A GROUP OF CHARMING MODELS.

One of the most picturesque productions of a truly artistic spring is the little mantle which, in many variations of form, is now among us. Behold it on the left-hand side of this picture made of snuff-brown taffetas, edged with gauged flounces, which are headed and finished with bars of chocolate velvet. The new cockade rosettes will be seen down the front.

On the right a broad stole is illustrated, which is made of coloured yak lace in pale blues, mauves, and pinks, mounted on shaded blue taffetas. The whole is edged with pleated chiffon flounces that repeat the colours expressed.

How pretty the millinery of the moment is, and how full of diversity, the models illustrated above prove, even though only three are shown. The chip mushroom shape worn by the woman in the taffetas mantle is a brown one to match the mantle, draped with a brown lace veil. In the centre a charmingly pretty Breton sailor shape is shown trimmed in a novel manner with a half circlet of field flowers, joined together in front by strands of baby-ribbons. And on the right take note of the plateau hat raised so cleverly from the hair over a chaplet of little ostrich plumes that rest upon the hair.

MISFITS IN MARRIAGE.

CAN THEY BE RECTIFIED?

Here and there among our married acquaintances we meet a married couple of whom it is whispered, "They do not get on very well together."

When women have made a matrimonial mistake they sometimes put a brave face upon it, and the man they have married too hastily goes calmly on his way, never dreaming for a moment that his wife's affectionate attitude in regard to himself is one great length of terribly earnest acting.

It is very much harder for a woman to bear up under circumstances of this kind than it is for a man.

Love is a Thing Apart.

The other day the Inexperienced Girl begged us to remember that, while love is of man's life a thing apart, it is woman's whole existence. That is just the sort of trite and valueless observation that an inexperienced girl would make. The question is a very pretty one, and very sentimental, and is the sort of thing that the young ladies who write stories are very fond of dragging in, because it is so very much easier to use up other people's tears when you haven't got any of your own. Certainly, love is the whole existence of some women; but so it is of just as many men. With the vast bulk of men and women love is absolutely and entirely a thing apart. Good gracious me! a very inexperienced girl, the average young man of 1904—what with her golf club, her lectures, her office work, her pupils, her literary ambitions, her artistic ambitions, her globe trotting, above all, her independence of man—does not go in to think of marriage until she is well into the thirties. Certainly, she thinks of it now less than she ever thought of it before in the history of the world.

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marry her. "Mais maintenant, tout cela est changé"—I'd put it in Spanish if I knew it.

Think of the feelings of the man who, as the common phrase goes, "has got engaged" and has been introduced to the young lady's family, and has had the young lady to stay at his home. It is all cut and dried, and the girl's relatives have long since ceased to discuss his looks, his income, and his disposition; the girl with a bright little expectant blush on her cheeks, and a happy light in her eyes is ordering her trousseau. And then the man meets somebody else whom he likes better, and dandles awhile with his new love, and then, reminded of his real position by a petulant letter from his real affinity, goes back to his troth with the girl with whom he is shortly to enter upon what, at any rate, on his side will be a loveless bond of matrimony.

It is, of course, impossible to lay down a moral law that shall guide persons placed in such positions. It is a dreadful thing to contemplate the married life of two people, one of whom had lost all feelings of affection for the other, even before the words were spoken which bound them together till death should choose to part them.

A Hard Problem.

To me it appears that when a man finds out his mistake before it is too late he should, if possible, break off the match at any cost. He will be miserable, and his wife will be doubly so, if, after the wedding, she finds that he has no love for her. For mark this, a woman is far more skilful at wheedling a man into thinking that she is fond of him than a man is. Depend upon it, although the man who has made a mistake may caress his wife, and make her pretty presents, and be in every way a model husband, the woman will find out the secret of his heart.

Then, when he is away, when he is congratulating himself on having successfully deluded her, she will shed many tears, and the end of that marriage will be misery. Young man, consider thy heart, and do not take a woman to wife for good and all until you are quite sure that between you exists that mutual love which is necessary to perfect your union. Young woman, make quite sure that George is the king of your dreams before the time comes for the hurrying of old shoes after your carriage.

THE GIRL CLERK.

A FEW HOME TRUTHS ABOUT HER CAPACITY.

We are constantly being told that the alarming and continually increasing number of girl clerks is overstocking the labour market, and is alike responsible for the lowering of the scale of wages and for the angry protests of the male clerks that female shorthand typists are usurping their places. A great many people blindly accept this statement, while others will attempt to prove it by quoting the number of replies resulting from an advertisement for a girl clerk in any of the morning papers. That such an advertisement will bring answers running into even three figures there is no doubt, but how many of these applicants are worthy of bearing the name of shorthand typist?

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The ability to merely type out shorthand notes—and, alas! this is too often indifferently well done—is, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, the whole stock-in-trade of the so-called "clerk." Letter-files and copying-presses are new and strange things to her, and she could perform the simple operations necessary for their manipulation with about as much ease and dexterity as she could steer an airship; also (but this applies only to a certain class of "typists"), should she be asked to write a letter on her own initiative, the result would be such a travesty on the English language as to preclude the possibility of the request being repeated.

Grossly incompetent people of this description are responsible for the overcrowding of this branch of woman's work, and for the popular impression that obtains with regard to the low level of both the general education and business capacity of girl clerks. Such are drawn largely from the class

who, twenty years ago, would have become useful members of society as domestic servants, who, through some mistaken notion of self advancement, succeeded only in dragging others down to their own level, without improving matters for themselves in the very least. They possess the minimum amount of skill, and are accordingly, forced to accept a wage totally inadequate for the supply of even the common necessities of life.

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A sound general education is necessary for the girl who would win success in clerical or secretarial work, and this must be supplemented by a thorough business training, including the routine of office work, book-keeping, and, if possible, a commercial knowledge of German and French. Thus equipped, no girl will find any difficulty in obtaining remunerative employment; moreover, she will feel sure of herself—and who can estimate to the full the advantages of self-confidence in business life? She will know exactly what duties are expected of her, and how to perform them, and will be valued by her employer in proportion to the difficulty he has hitherto experienced in obtaining so well-trained a clerk.

Such training is not cheap—how can it be?—but it means all the difference between lack of employment altogether or a starvation salary, and a assured position, the appreciation of the chief, and, last, but by no means least, an adequate income to support life comfortably.



C. L. VALENTINE, 32, Snow Hill, London, E.C.

LIEUT.-COLONEL L. A. WADDELL, THE PRINCIPAL MEDICAL OFFICER.

Page 2

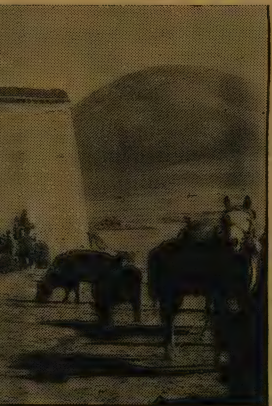
FOR TOMMY.

ENTERING THE FORBIDDEN LAND.



The Tibetans moved their belongings to quarters to the troops.

[Lieut.-Colonel Waddell.]



almost as high above the sea as the summit of Mount Chumohari.

[Lieut.-Colonel Waddell.]



The British Expedition entered Tibet by the Jelap Pass. The baggage had to be carried on the backs of mules and oxen, which suffered terribly from the cold. To the right is a pole of the field telegraph.

Special "Mirror" photograph by]

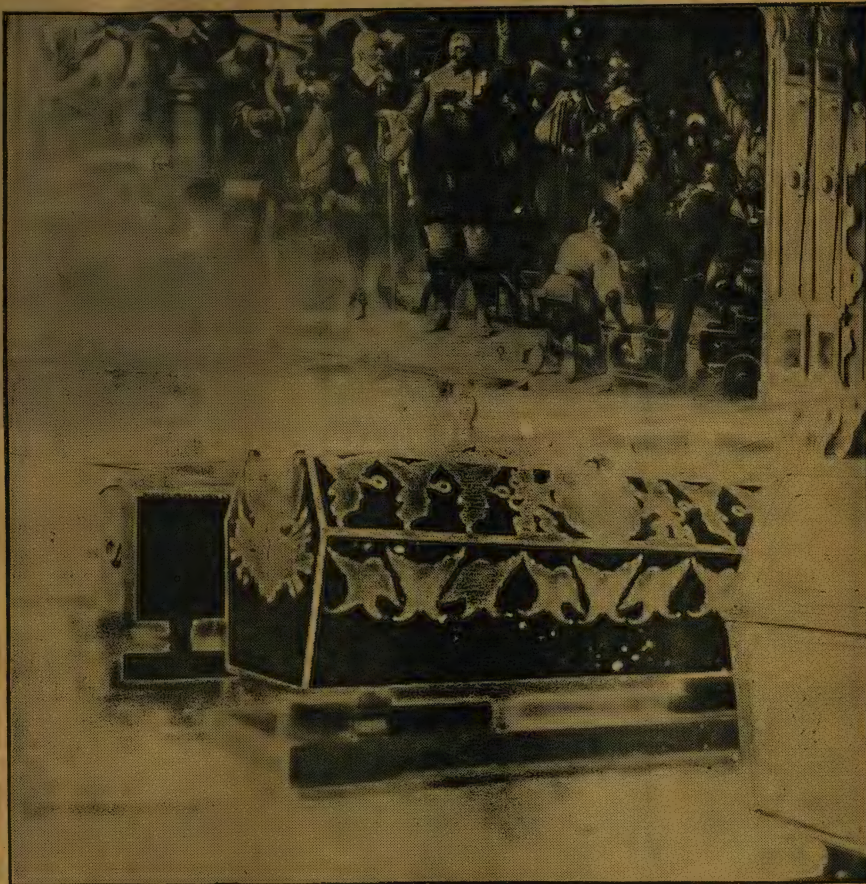
[Lieut.-Colonel Waddell.]

IGHTY SHIP.

THE TOMBS OF HER ANCESTORS.



Japanese at Chemulpho in the first fight of the war.



During her stay in Denmark Queen Alexandra has visited Roskilde Cathedral, where rest all the Kings and Queens of Denmark since the 10th century.

MISFITS IN MARRIAGE—HATS AND MANTLES.



Specially Drawn by Miss A. S. HOARE for the "Daily Illustrated Mirror."

A GROUP OF CHARMING MODELS.

One of the most picturesque productions of a truly artistic spring is the little mantle which, in many variations of form, is now among us. Behold it on the left-hand side of this picture made of snuff-brown taffetas, edged with gauged flounces, which are headed and finished with bars of chocolate velvet. The new cockade rosettes will be seen down the front.

On the right a broad stole is illustrated, which is made of coloured yak lace in pale blues, mauves, and pinks, mounted on shaded blue taffetas. The whole is edged with pleated chiffon flounces that repeat the colours expressed.

How pretty the millinery of the moment is, and how full of diversity, the models illustrated above prove, even though only three are shown. The chip mushroom shape worn by the woman in the taffetas mantle is a brown one to match the mantle, draped with a brown lace veil. In the centre a charmingly pretty Breton sailor shape is shown trimmed in a novel manner with a half circlet of field flowers, joined together in front by strands of baby-ribbons. And on the right take note of the plateau hat raised so cleverly from the hair over a chaplet of little ostrich plumes that rest upon the hair.

MISFITS IN MARRIAGE.

CAN THEY BE RECTIFIED?

Here and there among our married acquaintances we meet a married couple of whom it is whispered, "They do not get on very well together."

When women have made a matrimonial mistake they sometimes put a brave face upon it, and the man they have married too hastily goes calmly on his way, never dreaming for a moment that his wife's affectionate attitude in regard to himself is one great length of terribly earnest acting.

It is very much harder for a woman to bear up under circumstances of this kind than it is for a man.

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marry her. "Mais maintenant, tout cela est changé"—I'd put it in Spanish if I knew it.

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**NO MORE
GREY HAIR.**

VALENTINE'S EXTRACT
(WALNUT STAIN)

Changes Grey Hair or Whiskers to
Light Brown, Dark Brown or Black.
One liquid; a perfect, cleanly, and harmless
stain. Acts at once—no smell or sickness—
leaves the hair soft and with a natural
gloss. Will not soil the pillow. War-
ranted free from lead, sulphur, etc.
It is washable, nourishing, and
lasting.

1-oz. bottle, 3 larger sizes, 2/-, 6/6, 12/6
by post, id. extra.

C. L. VALENTINE, 32, Snow Hill, London, E.C.

THE "LIVING IN" CONTROVERSY.

Lady Assistant Explains Her Interesting Experiences in a Large Drapery Establishment.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

A great deal of rubbish has been written and talked about at the present time on the "living in" controversy, as it applies to a large London draper's establishment, and I thought perhaps the Editor of the *Daily Mirror* might care to publish something about this kind of life from the point of view of a woman who has been an assistant in a provincial town, where she "lived out," and in London, where she "lived in."

Speaking generally, I may say that nothing is known by the public at large as to the life of the hundreds of thousands who serve behind the counter in London and in our great cities daily.

Penny Tram & Luxury.

When I "lived out" in Manchester it was barely possible to exist. I received 15s. a week, and was one of the best paid in the establishment. I got bed and breakfast for 8s. 6d. a week in a suburb, from which I had to walk 2½ miles to my business each morning, and whenever I took a penny tram it was a luxury. In the evening I managed to get a meal for 6d. at a café. On Sundays I was fortunate enough to have friends to go to. It will be seen, therefore, that there was not much profit in "living out."

Let me describe my experiences of "living in." Armed with an introduction, I obtained a situation in London, to be near my friends, at the well-known establishment of Messrs. —

On arrival very early one Monday morning, I explained to the manager that I had been engaged. Unconsciously I had ruined my prospects with him by omitting the very necessary "Sir," and his treatment of me was not cordial.

"What department?" he snapped.

"Lace," I replied laconically. The situation amused me.

Together we proceeded to the lace department, and the manager called across to a Miss Smith. That lady came forward, and stood before him. "This is Miss Brown, Miss Smith; she takes Miss Green's place in the 'lace.' Show her her room." Miss Smith conducted me upstairs to a bedroom, which I had to share with three other girls; and, taking my things off, I followed her down again to the shop. There were few customers about at this early hour, so my companion conducted me to my own special place behind the counter, and together we went carefully through my own particular stock. Then I was presented with a numbered account-book, and told my private mark.

In all large drapery establishments it is customary to have a mark denoting the price of each article. I was given a word of ten letters, and instructed in its working. For instance, the first

letter represented 1s., the second 2s., and so on; odd prices below the 1s. being marked by means of strokes.

I was now shown the firm's system of "spiffs." The giving of "spiffs" is a method resorted to in the disposal of old and unsaleable stock, small sums, ranging from a farthing to 2d. or 3d. per yard, being allowed on the sale of such goods.

"You've got a lot of 'spiff' stuff in your lot," said Miss Smith. "You ought to make a good deal this month. You must push it, you know. Never mind what else the customers want; make them take some 'spiff' goods, too."

I carefully determined to follow her advice, and then, as it was close upon two o'clock, I made up one of the third party going down to dinner. I found that it was customary to go in parties, recruiting one or two from each department, to obviate short-handedness in the shop during meal-times. At one end of the dining-room I sat with a little army of lady assistants, while at the other the male assistants were alternately staring at us and munching their food.

I was very glad when it was over. The food was not overwhelmingly good. After dinner I took my place behind the counter, and gained my first experience as a London draper's assistant. Before commencing I reflected for a moment. Here I was engaged at the magnificent salary of £25 per year, paid monthly, with inferior board and lodging, out of which had to be deducted 1s. library, 6d. breakages, and 6d. boot-cleaning monthly. Beyond this there was no prospect of future advancement. Miss Smith said a hard-working girl could, on an average, make 7s. a week in "spiffs." Clearly it was my duty to make the 7s. without reference to the convenience of the customer.

As our elegantly attired and universally detested shopwalker said to me before serving my first customer: "The best assistant is the one who serves a customer with what she does not want."

Very good. I immediately put a little mark on my "spiff" boxes, the more easily to identify them, and a second later I heard my name called by the shopwalker. On looking round I saw a meek, ladylike-looking woman waiting attention.

Learning Something.

Miss Smith, who was a pretty, bright, good-natured little creature, glanced at my customer, and sidled up to me. "Spiffs," she whispered, and down they came, box after box of them. No; the lady wanted nothing of that kind. She required so many yards of so-and-so; though, if she could get a cheap remnant, so much the better. Not having seen any remnants my stock, I was compelled to ask Miss Smith if they were to be had.

She looked at me for a moment in stupefied surprise.

"You little silly! Remnants? Of course there aren't any remnants. Slightly soil some of your 'spiff' stock, and plant it on the dear thing. Only mind you stick on the price."

My first customer selected several yards of common lace, marked valuable remnants—in reality it was old and soiled stock—and she paid just a third more for it soiled than its original price.

"Sign, please," I called in a smart, professional tone, as with some little difficulty I made up my

letter bill, and, with Miss Smith's assistance, added on the amount of "spiff" due to me on the transaction.

"Well done," muttered the shopwalker in an undertone, while he signed the account. "Keep on that way, and you'll do very well."

Before the arrival of my next customer, I had a special box of faked "remnants," for which I expected a good demand. I was getting rather tired now. I had served several small customers, and my arms were aching with the unwonted exercise of lifting down the heavy lace boxes.

I longed to get away and rest, or sit down, but the keen eyes of the shopwalker were constantly watching over the department, and looking for something to find fault with. Oh, how I hated that abominable person before the day was over!

Some of the customers were so trying, too; though some of them were most amusing, especially in reference to the "farthing" dodge. On two or three occasions I heard purchasers in other departments complaining that they could not go to £1 for some article. To one of them a smart assistant immediately produced a much cheaper article at 19s. 11½d.

"Oh, yes. Now that's much more reasonable, and quite charming. Yes; I'll take that," was the extraordinary reply.

A "Tabby."

Just before tea-time I had a dreadful experience. A portly, statuesque-looking woman entered the shop and came towards me.

"Look out, Miss Brown," whispered a fellow assistant; "she's a Tabby."

"A what?" I returned; but it was too late for an explanation.

The lady was at the counter, asking to see some lace. Box after box, box after box, I produced for her benefit, and still she was not satisfied. At last, aching and trembling in every limb, I had placed the last box of my stock on the counter without making a sale. I excused myself for a moment, and went in search of something else she wanted. When I returned she had disappeared, and the shopwalker had fined me 1s. for leaving my goods on the counter.

When shopping in drapery establishments, I had often wondered why the assistants were so careful to return each article to its proper place. I know perfectly well now what it means if they don't. That lady was one of a class who make a practice of amusing themselves by looking over drapers' stocks without intending to purchase. I know what a "Tabby" is now. The way that shopwalker nagged me about her was perfectly shameful.

I was very unlucky on my first day in getting fined. Twice I made a trivial mistake in my bills, and was promptly fined sixpence each time. In the afternoon I was fined 6d. for talking to a girl out of my department.

As a matter of fact, I was only asking where certain stock was kept. It was of no use explaining this; the shopwalker only smiled sceptically, and placed the money against my "spiff" account.

Basely Satisfied Man.

Tea-time came at last, and with a party I descended to the dining-room to partake of indifferent tea and bread and butter and a twenty minutes' rest, then back to my post again. I sighed as I

watched the male customers in the other departments; they gave so little trouble. In a draper's shop a man asks for an article, looks at it nervously, and says, "Yes, yes; that will do," without considering if it is suitable or not. A woman will haggle over a farthing for hours, and give an infinity of trouble over a twopenny-halfpenny article.

I found, too, that women were much quicker in their decisions when accompanied by men; and, as for young married couples, why, serving them was perfect bliss itself.

At six o'clock the shop closed, and after everything was put away and covered up, we were free till eleven. At seven o'clock a supper was served of bread and butter, with porter, ale, or milk for those who cared about it; but most of the assistants got away as soon as they could without waiting for the meal.

I stayed in and looked round the house. The firm had provided a really capital sitting-room with piano and easy-chairs, and here a few of the assistants whiled away the time until eleven o'clock, when all were supposed to retire, and lights were ordered out in the bedrooms.

On Thursdays the coming-in hour is twelve, and it is known as theatre night. The fine for being out any night over the stipulated time was 1s., and after the third fine for this offence notice to go was given.

I was dreadfully tired that night, and was only too glad to get off to bed early. So heavily did I sleep that I did not even hear the entrance of my three companions. Next morning I was aroused at 7.30 by the deep sound of a bell. Breakfast was at eight; so I hurriedly dressed, and, in the company of my companions, made my way downstairs. The meal seemed to be composed only of bread and butter and tea and coffee, yet here and there a girl had bacon. Why were they so favoured? I put it to Miss Smith. That young lady informed me that assistants were allowed to buy anything extra they pleased, and if I cared to purchase bacon I could have it.

Tricks of the Trade.

At half-past eight I commenced my second day in the shop, and performed the same old routine all over again, learning at the same time yet a few more tricks of the trade.

Once I was severely reprimanded for showing a customer some exquisite lace which we had just received from abroad.

"You must never show that," said the shopwalker, "without first finding out if we know the customer. We pay a very large sum for the first offer of these newest lace fashions, and half the people who come in to see them are the representatives of rival firms bent on getting new ideas for nothing."

I also mastered the knack of pretending to be anxious not to part with certain goods which I had previously shown for a minute or two and then hurried them away. This is a bait which works famously, and I found it most useful in getting rid of cheap stuffs at good prices.

People are fond of decrying drapers' assistants, accusing them of empty-headedness, frivolity, and cheap vanity. Don't you believe it. A sharper or more intelligent class never breathed, or a better hearted.

I have been one of them myself, and can speak from experience.

BLouses & Underskirts

A SAVING OF 50%

in price and more is what we have to offer. Is it enough to warrant you buying from us—the actual makers—instead of the high-priced draper's shop?

YOU RUN NO RISK

in buying from us, as we offer to refund your money in full if you are not satisfied. What draper or shopkeeper would do this for you?

The secret of our low price is the absence of retailer's profits and the huge number of blouses and skirts sold by us.

BLouses.

This handsome Blouse, accordion pleated, trimmed figure-work and light nun's veiling (Turquoise, Eau de Nil, Pink, &c., &c.), we sell for 3/6 (3d. extra for postage).

CATALOGUES
AND PATTERNS
POST FREE.

UNDERSKIRTS.

Lovely well-cut moreen Underskirts, in a variety of new and delightful colours. A most stylish skirt, well worth double our price. (Carriage 3d. extra).

BAKER, BOOBY & Co.,

27, WAREHOUSE,

Voluntary Place, Wanstead, Essex.



AT A MAN'S MERCY.

By META SIMMINS.

Author of "The Bishop's Wife," &c.

"Love's rosy bonds to iron shackles turned
Are worse than red-eyed hate."

CHAPTER XLVI. (continued.)

Woodruffe's words, the fierce contempt with which they were uttered, lashed Pauline's pride, rallying it to her aid. She met his look of fury with one wondrous round of scorn.

"Unless you are mad," she said, coldly, "please endeavour to control your language before our servants. I do not know whether you intend a public rupture to take place. I presume not, since you have actually sent for me when my child is ill."

"Whether a public rupture occurs or not depends upon the illness of the boy. He is the dam between you and shame; I made that bargain with myself before I left you, that so long as God or the devil prospered the child so long might you pursue your course, live your lying life unmolested. All I cared was that you lived it out of my sight."

He checked the torrent of his angry words with an effort, for Pauline had moved towards the door in silence. "He followed her. 'Are you going upstairs?'"

"I am going to my son," she replied, and went swiftly up the shallow staircase, out of his sight.

But she did not go immediately to the nursery, though, as she passed it, listening for one agonising moment at the door, she could hear the continuous wail of the child's querulous little voice. She flew as fast as her feet could carry her along the corridor to her bedroom, where Manette waited for her. The maid looked at her with some amazement, as though she had not expected to see her there so soon. Pauline felt the necessity for explanation vaguely.

"A white gown, a white gown, Manette, quickly," she cried. "Master Jacky is ill, I can't go to him like this. Thank Heaven, I came when I did. Mr. Woodruffe's telegram calling me here just missed us."

"Le pauvre petit!" said Manette, sympathetically. "Monseigneur is distracted, I suppose."

As she spoke her fingers were already deftly busy with Pauline's heavy hair. Pauline had never felt so grateful to her as she did that morning, for in an almost incredibly short time the French-woman transformed her from a pallid, weather-stained traveller to her own beautiful and gracious self, a lovely figure in a gown of white, deliciously soft and clinging, delicately perfumed, a sight to

have wrought the miracle. The boy was commonplace, she said to herself, brutally, and the roundness of his dimpled limbs was the common heritage of all healthy, normal children. A pang of jealous anger contracted her heart; before John had turned against her she had seen in his love for their child merely a ramification of his love for her, now she knew that it was something totally apart. That if she were dead, disgraced, disfigured—the man's affection for his son would suffer no diminution. Nothing which affected her had any power to affect that mystic bond. With a stifled sigh she turned away and encountered the eyes of the nurse. She felt constrained to make some remark.

"How do you think he is?" she whispered, "he looks—"

The nurse's warning to silence came too late; Pauline's whisper, the most fatal of sick-room sounds, had awakened the child. He moved uneasily, and uttered a fretful, wailing cry.

The cry went to Pauline's heart, she forgot the sensations which had rocked it but a moment before. She went swiftly to the side of the cot again and bent over the child. He stared up at her, his fever-bright eyes still held with sleep, then, with a glad cry of "Muzzy," he held out his hands to her.

"Sweetheart, my little boy," the woman bent over him, uttering soft crooning sounds, he would have gathered him in her arms, but the nurse forbade her with a horrified exclamation.

"May I not take him up?" Pauline asked, with some indignation.

"No, no, indeed no," the woman said, emphatically. "No, darling, lie down."

She settled the clothes over the little body with delicate tender fingers, and kept up a running volley of baby talk, which amazed and irritated Pauline. Why did this woman with the plain, homely face, who was not herself a mother, know just what to say, and the words in which to say it. She herself felt embarrassed in the face of the desire and love which shone in the baby's eyes. Her jealousy was ridiculous and unnecessary, for the child struggled feebly, trying to rise, and kept up an incessant cry of "Muzzy, muzzy."

She slipped on her knees by the cot and pushed back the soft hair that felt like silk under her fingers.

"Jacky has got to be good," she said softly. "Mother can't take Jacky up—let her hold your hand, sweetheart."

She spoke as she might have spoken to a grown-up child instead of the morsel of humanity that

turned to her, for her limbs ached and swayed beneath her, she feared her strength would give way.

Towards night a change for the worse took place in the child. Pauline thought that he had fallen asleep, but the nurse looked grave and telephoned for the doctor. Pauline felt despair sweep over her like a black sea; she sat dumb and motionless, afraid to speak lest the fear which was in her might find an outlet in anguished words.

The doctor relieved Pauline of her burden. "The little chap's unconscious," he said, soothingly to her. "He won't know that we've taken him from you. I think you should have a rest, Mrs. Woodruffe, but don't go too far away in case we need you." He smiled reassuringly at her with his lips, but Pauline read the gravity and fear in the man's eyes.

"Is he worse?" she asked, hoarsely. "It's hard to say. The disease has reached a climax, the next few hours will show us the best of the worst." He said no more to Pauline, he was afraid, but he called Woodruffe aside and told him the facts of the case. Woodruffe, who had been pacing up and down the corridor like a madman, faced him with a stoical despair which the doctor mistook for calm.

"I am not quite satisfied with the look of the patient," the doctor began. "I think, with your permission, I would like to have a second opinion. Westall is the great man where children are concerned. I think—great heaven, man, what's the matter?" He put out his arm and gripped Woodruffe, who had recoiled, as he stood, like a drunken man.

"I'm all right," Woodruffe said hastily, in a husky voice. "It's the child—he's the only one, the only thing I have. You'll save him, Ward, save him! Everything that I've got rather than the child!"

He was trembling violently, like a frightened horse; in the soft light of the shaded lamps the doctor could see that perspiration stood out on his brow. He led him to the couch near the window in the little ante-room in which they stood. "That's all right," he said. "Don't worry. If the child is to be saved under heaven, Westall and I will save him."

He turned his back on Woodruffe, who sat, still shaking with his emotion, and in a moment or two no trace of it remained. He got up, and at the sound of his movement the doctor turned.

"I'll telephone for Westall at once," Ward said in his most matter-of-fact voice, "there's no time to be lost." With a few cheery words to Woodruffe, he left the room.

CHAPTER XLVII. The Bursting of the Dam.

Pauline was asleep. She slept as men have been said to sleep upon the rack from sheer exhaustion. Matty Chatfield stood for a moment or two afraid to wake her, she looked so ill, so terribly distressed. But she did not have to wake her; it was as though the old woman's eyes had sent an unspoken message to Pauline's brain. She started up, with a wild cry, from the couch.

"Is he worse?"

The old woman shook her head. "My dear, my dear," she cried, and caught Pauline's hand in her own soft wrinkled one, "the lamb's dying, I'm afraid, my lamb, my little black-haired lamb!"

"Dying! Oh, no, no, Matty; he can't be dying! Matty—"

The woman turned away. "Come for yourself," she said, in a low voice. "Come for yourself, ma'am. The father's there and the two doctors—and it's near the end. I—I've seen it too often to be mistaken—it's near the end."

Pauline twisted the great coil of her hair which fell over her shoulders, with the aimless, twitching fingers of the dying.

"Near the end," she repeated in a dull voice; "Oh, my God! Near the end!"

The old woman turned to her. "Let me pin up your hair, dearie," she said, speaking as though to a child. "There's the two doctors there, and Death, and decency not to be forgot." She pinned the coil in an ungainly knot at the back of her mistress's head, and taking her by the arm, led her across the corridor into the nursery.

How hot the room was! It smote on Pauline's face, so it seemed, like the gust from a furnace. For a moment or two her dazed eyes could distinguish nothing in the dimness of the shaded light. She saw vaguely the figures of two men and the dominating form of her husband. The child she did not see; he lay hidden from her in the cot.

At the sound of her entrance the two doctors turned, and Pauline saw the face of the man who had ruined her life. The sight of him brought the blood surging to her cheeks in a burning flood, which recoiled and left her more ghastly pale than ever. In an instant she surmised the reason of his presence; he was a children's doctor, yet the thought of him in that room with her husband and her child was an outrage.

She touched Dr. Ward on the arm. He read the question her lips could not utter, and shook his head. "No hope." The words were more formed by his mouth than uttered, yet Woodruffe heard them. He turned and looked at her evilly. "Refreshed?" he asked, and the question scorched her. "What a blessed capacity! Sleep, at such a time!"

She turned her face away, half-blinded by a sudden rush of tears.

Westall was bending over the cot. He straightened himself and whispered a few words to his colleague, who touched Woodruffe gently on the arm. But Woodruffe stared at him stupidly, and he was forced to speak. "It's all over," he said, beneath his breath; "the little life has gone out."

For a moment or two there was absolute silence in the room. Pauline was petrified; she could not move or speak. Suddenly Woodruffe burst into a loud laugh, a laugh hideous and sacrilegious in that stillness of death. He brushed Ward aside and reached Pauline in a stride, clutching her arm with so fierce a grip that involuntarily she uttered a cry of pain. "The child's dead, do you understand—dead!"

"Dead!" she repeated faintly.

"Ay, dead, and the dam's burst!"

To be continued to-morrow.

"Weekly Dispatch."

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OUR GREATEST ACTOR TALKS.

Sir Henry Irving never looked in better health than when I had the interesting talk with him which was published in the *Daily Mirror* on Wednesday. He bears his years wonderfully. Curiously enough, he is never so well as when living in trains. Far from the great American journeys fatiguing him, he says he never eats or sleeps better than when spanning the vast distances which separate many of the great American cities. In this respect he is not like other public men. Mr. Kipling, it is known, has always refused to lecture in the United States because of the fatigue in-



SIR HENRY HOME AGAIN.

Sir Henry Irving leaving the steamer *Mesaba*, which ended her trip from New York to Tilbury last Tuesday.

olved. Dickens suffered severely, though it should not be forgotten that travelling in his day was not what it is now.

But Sir Henry is in every way a remarkable man, and there is no life story so fascinating as his. To-day he is just sixty-six years of age—about as old as Mr. Chamberlain, and quite as active. Like Mr. Chamberlain, he is an intensely nervous man; and, like Mr. Chamberlain, he made a great change in his vocation.

Mr. Chamberlain, as we know, was a manufac-

turer. Sir Henry was originally a City clerk, plying his quill in Lombard-street till he reached the age of nineteen, when he sought the advice of the great actor Phelps. "Stick to your desk," growled the tragedian. But the fit was too strong. So after some practice as an amateur he betook himself to the provinces, making his first appearance on the stage September 29, 1856, at Sunderland as Gaston in "Richieu."

Sir Henry Irving has told me that on that occasion "his nervousness was so great that he fainted outright," but he did not tell me the sequel. That came later from a member of his company. The actor who restored Mr. Irving to consciousness, and cheered him to fresh efforts, so won the love of the friendless boy that he said: "If ever I rise in the world, come to me. I shan't forget."

Years elapsed. One day as he was leaving the Lyceum after rehearsal, the manager found himself face to face with his old friend.

"Out of employment! I'm so glad. Go to Loveday, my manager, and tell him to make you out an engagement to him as long as I am lessee here."

Presently the actor returned. "Well, what salary?" "Five pounds a week."

"Only 45! Shameful! Preposterous! Go back and tell him to make it £10 a week."

This was over twenty years ago, and the fortunate actor continued at the Lyceum until Sir Henry gave up his tenancy. During Mr. Irving's novitiate his weekly salary frequently did not amount to as many shillings; but money he never cared for.

He has told the writer that he once advertised to read "The Lady of Lyons" in the town of Litchfield. The reading never came off, as the public resolutely refused to attend. Many actors would have gone home heart-broken. "Never slept better than I did that night," said Sir Henry.

Soon after obtaining, in 1859, through the influence of his life-long friend, J. L. Toole, a three-years' engagement with the father of Sir Augustus Harris, then lessee of the Princess's Theatre, he persuaded the manager to release him from his engagement, because, in his first part he had only six lines to speak. The young actor wanted fame, and he didn't mind work. So he returned to the provinces, and, after playing in no fewer than 594 parts, 423 of which were mastered in two and a half years, he again reappeared in London, this time at the St. James's, in 1866, and after a variety of engagements accepted one at the Lyceum, where he afterwards remained.

In London he has played over sixty-five parts, and more than twenty-five of these have been original. On the score of industry alone, this is a remarkable achievement. But it is more. His performances stamp him as the greatest living actor of modern times. His range is tremendous;

the entire gamut of the passions responds to his artistic touch. A face instinct with intelligence, power, and refinement of mind, has gone far to make him popular wherever he performs. In his power of holding an audience spellbound he has never been excelled.

It is almost universally believed that Sir Henry is indebted to "The Bells" for the reputation he now enjoys. This is wrong. It may be as well to tell the true story. When the late Mr. Henry Bateman took the Lyceum Theatre to exploit the abilities of the late George Belmore, among other plays, nearly all of which were failures, was "Pickwick." Irving, a member of the company, played Jingle. As was the custom with "stars" in those days, every care was bestowed on Belmore's—Sam Weller—scenes, and none at all on Irving's. Yet when the curtain fell the first night the public called only for Irving, and, when the notices appeared the next morning confirming the verdict, the astute Bateman reshaped his policy. He said to a friend of the writer:

"I've a gold mine here."

To Irving himself he said:

"Well, Harry, dear boy, what can I do for you?"

"Produce 'The Bells,'" was the reply; and the manager did.

Shortly after Bateman's death Mr. Irving took over the reins of management, and since 1878 has been his own manager.

His cheapest production, "Faust," cost him £9,000. Over this he recouped himself in two months. "Henry VIII.," his most expensive production, cost nearly double.

Sir Henry Irving is very near-sighted. So also is Mr. Frank Cooper, who was one of the Lyceum company. Once, whilst playing in a well-known piece, Irving dropped the amulet, a small charm presented to him by the blind girl, played by Miss Ellen Terry. The actors looked about the stage, but as neither could see it, the play came to a standstill. Presently a titter was heard in the gallery. "It's near the footlights, toward the centre," whispered the blind girl, who was the only one who saw it. But the actors couldn't find it; so, seeing that matters were growing serious, the blind girl stooped and handed her lover the charm. The few laughs which greeted this were drowned in an indignant "Hush! hush!"

For all his pallor, the great actor enjoys wonderful health. He is never ill. His digestive organs are the wonders of the medical world. Little is eaten during the day. When in London a small lunch at the Garrick when not rehearsing, a light dinner and a glass of port; but at midnight the supper is generous. At ten the next morning a stroll with his favourite terrier. Late in the afternoon come the forty winks. The importance he attaches to his nap is only equalled by the disregard he evinces, as already stated, for money.

The fluted pillars which evoked such admiration in "Much Ado About Nothing" were modelled at what was then Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket, the property-room there being very large. One of them, whilst being removed, came into a collision with a van, and was snapped in two. Arnott flew to his manager and knocked at his door.

FANCIES IN PERFUME.

Royalties who Spend Fortunes on Their Favourite Scents.

While "thyme" lasts lovely woman will perfume herself with wondrous subtle scents.

Many women like to be associated with one particular perfume. Such great ladies, for example, as Princess Christian and Madame Calvé, have identified themselves with "Royal Shamrock," which last year was the fashionable scent.

Inquiries by a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative in several of the fashionable West End perfumeries elicited the fact that this year there are to be two new scents.

The one which the smart set are plunging for is known as "Golden Fern." It is a "bouquet" of various flowers; and though only introduced at the beginning of the year, has already superseded "Shamrock" in popular favour.

The other is "British Violet," and is expected to rival, if not to supersede, the old and popular *Violette de Parme*.

"The fashionable world," said the manager of a great West End house, "has been seized with a new caprice."

"The old subtle and delicate perfumes are out of favour, and nothing will serve but penetrating, clinging, and even strong scents."

"The outcomes of this craze are the Golden Fern and British Violet, both heavy perfumes."

Many of the crowned heads of Europe have a weakness for scent. The Empress of Russia, for instance, is said to spend a sum running well into four figures on her perfumes, Violet being her favourite.

The Queen-mother of Spain affects Eau d'Espagne, made specially for her in Madrid.

And it is whispered that even the sterner sex is not entirely exempt.

When charged at West London with stealing money belonging to his employers, John Reader, a salesman, said he had to carry large sums of money about with him as there was no safe at the shop. This, he argued, was a great temptation to him. A plausible plea, but no excuse, said the magistrate, who ordered him six months' hard labour.

"Who is it?" cried the drowsy one.

"Arnott, sir."

"Go away. I'm asleep."

"One of the pillars has broken."

"Make another."

"But the keys of the theatre have been sent out of town."

"Send a man after them."

"But the pillar must be ready in two days, and it would take thirty men to get it ready."

"Well, hire the thirty men."

"To make the pillar in two days would cost £100."

"I don't care if it costs £200. Go away, and let me sleep."

* * *

At one time there were no less than five leading men at the Lyceum on the treasury list. You asked them, "How did you get here?" The answer was invariably the same. "I knew the governor in the old days." That is the passport. No respectable actor who had known him in the past, and who had done little services for him, was ever refused. If the speaking parts were all filled, and the actor was in extremis, there was £3 a week for shouldering a spear as a "super."

The writer remembers one Lyceum production in which there were no fewer than seven actors, all of whom had once enjoyed great popularity, doing sentinel work, not so that the audience could see who they were—Sir Henry had too much consideration for that—but hidden behind a battlement, so that only the tops of the spears could be seen. Just before the first night of this play two more applicants appeared. There was no room for the new comers; but the manager was equal to the emergency, and they were given £3 a week each as understudies to the seven spears!

* * *

As he never forgets a kindness, so he never forgives an injury; only his way of avenging past slights is peculiarly his own. Years ago, rehearsing "Much Ado About Nothing," the manager, after roundly abusing him for his vile acting, as he called it, took him out of the Sexton, a very good part, and put him into Seacole, a very poor part. In his old age this manager was glad to accept an engagement at the Lyceum, where, in the same play, he was cast for the part of Seacole.

Now came Sir Henry's turn. One morning, after gravely complimenting the old manager for his excellent acting, he took him out of the bad part, Seacole, and gave him the good part, the Sexton. "I never knew what coals of fire meant till then," said the old gentleman, when he told me the story.

Irving owes his position on the stage as much to his indefatigable energy as to native ability. He shirks no work, however arduous, which may be necessary in the elaboration of his plays. Every detail of costume and stage management comes under his own eye, and he drills his company in a new piece until every word and gesture is perfect.

When it is mentioned that Sir Edward Burne-Jones designed the scenery, and the late Sir Arthur Sullivan composed the incidental music for "King Arthur," it will be seen at once that Sir Henry stops short at nothing to make his representations as good as they can be made. "Thorough" has been his watchword all his life, and to this principle and to his matchless histrionic abilities he owes his great success.

SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

In spite of official contradictions that the health of the German Emperor has been giving rise to anxiety, I have heard from a very high and reliable source that his Majesty has been really very far from well lately, and that it has been to allay anxiety that he has gone about as usual. He very much dislikes being thought ill, and is a very refractory patient. Now, however, he is much better, and has benefited a great deal by his trip to the Mediterranean.

Spring in London.

Everywhere spring is delightful, and even in London things look brighter than at any other time of the year. The sunshine and warmth of the last few days have brought things on very much. In the parks there is a powdering of delicate green on all the trees and shrubs, and the grass is strewn with gaily-coloured crocuses, while daffodils and hyacinths are rapidly coming out.

In the West End there are signs of people coming back to town. Many houses, including Apsley House, are being redecorated and done up for the season, and window boxes are being filled. At Mr. Bates's house in Piccadilly masses of white and yellow flowers are in the windows, so evidently Mr. and Lady Noreen Bass are expected home.

A rather delightful house in Piccadilly is for sale. This is number 117, at the corner of Down-street. It was bought a year or two ago by Major and Mrs. Cecil Powney, but they have lived there very little, and last season it was let, I think, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunter. Mrs. Cecil Powney is a very pretty woman, and a charmingly graceful dancer. She is devoted to this form of exercise, and is always inventing new dances for herself. Both she and her husband are enthusiastic motorists. They have a delightful place in Hampshire—Brambridge House—which is surrounded by a moat.

Out and about.

There were many people to be seen walking and driving yesterday afternoon, and town is rapidly filling up after the holidays. Lady Erne was driving with Lady Mabel Crichton, and Mrs. George Cornwallis West arrived back in London yesterday. Lady Rivers-Wilson was in Piccadilly;

so was Lady Wolverton, in a closed motor-brougham; and a number of people stopped at Warwick House to inquire after Lady Warwick, who is going on very well, and is quite delighted with her baby daughter.

Regrets.

The death of Lady Isabel Larnach came as a great shock to many people. The cause of her death was not the obstruction in her throat, for which she underwent an operation, but the shock, from which she did not rally.

Both Lady Isabel and her husband were great devotees of racing, and regular attendants at all the meetings, whether big or little. She was the youngest of Lord and Lady Cork's five daughters, one of the others being Lady Doreen Long, whose pretty girl, Miss Lettice Long, is shortly to be married to Mr. William Cooper.

The King's Photographs.

The King, as well as the Queen, is an enthusiastic amateur photographer, and never goes abroad without at least two cameras. Unlike her Majesty and his daughters, he very seldom develops his photographs himself, although he used at one time to be very keen about printing them. On a sunny day in the boudoirs of both the Queen and Princess Victoria are generally to be seen printing frames stuck up on the window ledges to get the best light.

The King is very particular about his photographs, and will never allow one with the least blemish to be put into the special albums where he keeps all his pictures. Every one he takes, a fresh book of photographs is started, and many of them contain most amusing incidents.

In the snap-shot album of a certain well-known gentleman, I remember once seeing a delightful photograph of a picnic party at Cannes. The King, as Prince of Wales, was one of the guests, and the photo shows him with his mouth wide open in the act of putting his fork into it.

Other Amateurs.

In society there are many other enthusiastic photographers, chief of whom are the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Maitland. Some of their work is quite lovely, but they chiefly go in for landscape studies and take comparatively few portraits.

Baron de Meyer is the most distinguished portrait photographer among amateurs. Sir Frederick Milner devotes his energies chiefly to taking snap-shots, as also does Lady Tweedmouth. Among younger members of society there are, of course, many amateur photographers; and a dark-room nowadays in a big country house is considered as necessary and nearly as important as the gun-room.

"MEASURED MILES."

Ingenious Contrivance That Records Motor Pace.

Mr. Richard Paulson, of Hove, has lately patented an invention for automatically recording the pace travelled by a motor-car.

The apparatus consists of a clock that not only shows the time, but also moves a wheel, on which are arranged raised letters and figures, representing minutes, seconds, hours, days, and months. Over this wheel a tape is unwound from a "drum" on one side and rewound on another. A hammer is arranged to fall on the tape at every 55 yards travelled by the car. The tape thus driven across the type wheel is marked off in spaces, one for every 55 yards, and the time being impressed at the same moment, a simple calculation gives the pace travelled.

For instance, if 440 yards, or $\frac{1}{4}$ mile is covered, and the time recorded is one minute, the pace is 15 miles an hour.

When the car is at rest the hammer and movement of the tape stops, and the duration of the stop is indicated when the car starts again.

The tape is, of course, removable, and its record is absolute proof in a police-court case of disputed speed. The advantage of this is obvious, and, as Mr. Paulson pointed out to a *Mirror* representative yesterday, many people, whom fear of fines now deters from purchasing a car, will take to motoring now that documentary proof of the actual pace travelled is available. Mr. Paulson added that though the price is not yet decided upon it will not be high, and "one fine saved will pay it."

There is another side, too, to the invention; for any excess of the legal limit is at once signalled by a bell—easily heard by policemen as well as passengers. And, as a warning is given, beforehand, there will be no excuse for breaking the law.

The inventor hopes the Government will take it up and make it compulsory on every car.

PRISON FOR A LADY.

A lady "passive resister" of Leeds, Mrs. Hannah Mary Titterton, a milliner, was yesterday, for non-payment of a portion of the poor-rate, sent to prison for three days. No appeal was made for either sympathy or consideration.

Paris Gloomy.

Paris was rather gloomy in the morning. The reported assassination of the King of Spain, afterwards denied, and the talk of a hitch in the Bulgarian negotiations, rendered the outlook unpleasant, it was thought. And so there was almost general offering, though only two stocks had opened remarkably firm, and Rio Tinto had been taken to 534. The war bonds came back with the rest, and there was rather free selling of French Corporations on the plague news. But before the final

Kaffirs and Westralians

In the Kaffir market some fears were expressed lest the unofficial collection of Chinese for the Rand might be checked owing to the Government maintaining a "correct" attitude during its negotiations with Pekin.

The Kaffir market was very busy, and the Kaffir trader seemed disposed to sell after a fairly good opening, offering De Beers and other favourites, though the prices were not so good as last week. Round country. Then, too, there was an encouraging point that there was an official denial, or minimising, of the native dispossessions which had been going on since the gold mines were inclined to improve again. In the Street there was considerable activity and strength. Westralian miners were still active, and the news from the north of Oroya-Brownhill has led to adverse rumours about that property and the Associated. There are still rumours, too, about the West African market, which is still full. The result of the Rand is still uncertain. A feature to note is the firmness of Mount Lyell on dividend expectations. The Rois, too, have recovered after

*. The "Daily Illustrated Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries we take special care to obtain the last quotations in the Street markets after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

FOREIGNERS.			
* Argentina, 1890 . . . 1012	Jap. 5pc Gd. 1895-6	75	77
* Do Fund 6pc . . . 102	Do 4 pc	62	63
Do W. works. 5pc 94	Do 5 pc (New) 74	75	75
Do L. Pc Cedulas 75	* Peruvian (Pld) 88	88	88
Do L. Pc C'dlas. 75	Do Pref.	225	225
* Brazilian 5pc 1889 75	Portuguese (New) 60	60	60
Do W. of Minas 86	* Russian 4pc 1890 94	94	94
* Chinese 5pc 1896 96	* Spanish 4 pc (Sld) 81	81	82
Egyptian Unifid. 104	Turkish 4 pc (Ud) 80	80	80
Greek 4 pc (Mxy) 43	Uruguay 33 pc . . . 55	55	55
Italian 5pc (Taped) 102			

HOME RAILS.			
Brighton Def.	1091	1101	Hull and Barnsley 34 35
*Caledonian Def. 29	292	292	Lanc. & Yorkshire 92 93
Cent. Lon. Ord. ...	912	922	Met. Consolidated 87 88
Chatham Ord.	144	146	Met. District 34 34
City & S. London 50	51	51	Midland Def. 65 66
*Glg.w&S.-W.Df	85	87	*North British Df. 42 42
Great Central "A" 14	142	142	North Eastern ... 135 135
Great Eastern	863	871	North Western ... 1473 1481
Gr. Northern Def. 38	38	38	South East. Def. 61 62

COLONIAL AND		FOREIGN RAILS	
Arg. Gt. West. Ord.	1025	G'd Trk. Guar. . .	96
Bahia Blanca Pref.	61	Do 1st Pref. . .	100
*Buenos Aires G. S. 129	129	Do 2nd Pref. . .	88
Do Pacific 117	117	Do 3rd Pref. . .	87
Do West. 124	124	Mexican Railway 16	16
Rosario Consold. 93	93	Do 1st Pref. . .	73
Do Deferred 84	84	Mexican Southern 60	60
Canadian Pacific 119	120	Nie. Rys. 2d Ord. 7	71
Grand Trunk Ord. 131	138		

AMERICANS.		NORFOLK & W. Conn.	
Atchison	751	751	001
Do Spec Pref.	195	Do Pref.	280
Chicago	100	Do Pref.	280
*Chil. Mil. & P.L. 148	149	Phil. & Reading	22
Denver C. Stock	223	Do Pref.	280
Do Spec Pref.	223	Do Pref.	280
Fire Shares	37	Southern Ind.	30
Do Spec Pref.	68	Southern Ind.	30
Illinois	68	Union	94
L'ville and N'ville 111	111	Do Pref.	280
Do Spec Pref.	111	Do Pref.	280
Missouri, K. & T. 151	151	Do Pref.	280
N. Y. Central	121	Wabash Pref.	30
N.Y. Ontario	121	Do Spec Pref.	30

MISCELLANEOUS.	
*Acrted Bread	04
Alonsoff Pref.	58
Ang-Amor, "A"	68
Do Spec Pref.	68
*Armstrong	22
Bake Oil	77
Bake Oil	77
Do Pref.	30/8
Do Def.	03/9
Boards	03/9
British Tractor	82
Calico Printers	82
Do Spec Pref.	82/0
Eastmans	61
English Cotton	61
Do Spec Pref.	61
Exchange Ord.	13
Gram. Light Ord.	28
*Gram. Ord.	28
Harrod	31
Do Spec Pref.	31
L. Lyons & Co.	61

Lipson	28
L. & S. D. Pref. Ord.	79
Do Spec Pref.	79
Nat. Tel. Pref.	103
Do Def.	85
Do Spec Pref.	85
*Pron & Knowles	31
Russian Pref.	51
Do Spec Pref.	51
Salt Union	95
Schiffel	140
Do Spec Pref.	140
Do Def.	40
Slaters	94
Do Spec Pref.	94
St. James Estate	14
Victorian Auto	14
*Victorian Auto	14
Westminster Elec.	12
Do Spec Pref.	12
Do Pref.	12

MINING.					
Anacosta	82	32	Launceston	12	2
Angelo	61	69	Langlaagte	53	1
Antelope	1	1	Laurium	1	1
Apex	6	0	Lang's Island Dev.	17	1
Ash G. F. (New)	24	3	Mash. Agency	6	1
Aspen Creek	1	1	Mass. Consolidated	1	1
Barnato Cons.	24	23	Meyer & Charl.	6	1
Beechnutland	1	1	Middlefordmine	86	1
Bell	1	1	Miners' Union	1	1
Bonanza	12	1	Myssor Gold	6	1
Broken Hill Prop.	34	36	New African	6	1
Brown Reef	1	1	New Gold	1	1
Champ. Reef	357	36	Nigel	1	1
Chartered Co.	15	1	Nita Valley	1	1
Chry. Sub.	1	1	Northey	2	1
Cimet	2	1	N. Copper	2	1
Cons. Gold S. A.	678	6	Nourse Deep	82	1
Crown Reef	1	1	Norwudryog	1	1
Crown Deep	12	12	Oceanic	1	1
Crown Reef	102	17	Ooryga	1	1
Crown Reef	10	10	Osgood B. Whittall	1	1
Driftomine	1	1	*Primrose (New)	1	1
Durban Gold	6	6	Ransfontein	2	2
Eas. Rand	6	6	Ransfontein	1	1
E. Rand, M. Est.	1	1	Rand Mines	52	6
Ferdia	19	10	Robinson	9	9
Geological	52	6	Rose Deep	9	9
Gold Reef	1	1	S. A. Trust	1	1
Go Deep	10	10	Sho Deep	2	2
Graham	24	8	Siberia	2	2
Glabing	1	1	S. Rand Victoria	1	1
Glabing	1	1	Simmer & Explor.	1	1
G. Coast Agency	9	1	Simmer	1	1
Gold Coast Amt.	1	1	Simmer East	1	1
Gold Coast Amt.	1	1	So. Rand	1	1
Gr. Bld. Pres. Cons.	24	26	So. Gwalia	1	1
Gr. Deep	250	20	S. A. G. Trust	1	1
Gr. Fint. Hill	1	1	St. John's	1	1
Henry Nourse	88	8	Steyn Estate	2	2
Horiot (New)	8	8	Steyn. Develop.	1	1
Howland	1	1	Thames	1	1
Isagers (New)	27	28	Van Rys	1	1
Ch. Con. In.	2	2	Village Main Reef	6	6
Jubilee	1	1	Walden	1	1
Junipers	1	1	Wesau	1	1
Kalbarli	1	1	Wagadacht	1	1
Kalbarli	1	1	Walden	1	1
Kings	6	6	Wolluter	2	2
Lake View Con.	1	1	Zambesi Explor.	1	1

CONGRESS OF ALL COLOURS

Salvationists to Gather This
Summer from Everywhere.

"General" Booth has issued a manifesto to the Officers, Soldiers, and Friends of the Salvation Army.

During the closing days of June and the opening days of July, 1894, it is proposed to hold, with the blessing of God, in the City of London, an International Congress, at which the leading Officers, Soldiers, and Friends from every Country and Colony where the Army Flag is flying will be present.

For this mass meeting of the chief Salvationists of the world great plans are in progress. No available building in the heart of London is capacious enough to accommodate the 5,000 who are expected to attend; so a large International Congress Hall is to be erected in the Strand; on a site leased temporarily for £300 from the County Council.

"This building," says the "General," "will, trust, be a veritable Spiritual Furnace—a Temple of Salvation—and a Holy Place."

On July 5, the Army will foregather in the Crystal Palace, to celebrate its thirty-eighth anniversary. The programme includes a march-past of the "Genra!" in review order.

For the opening meeting of the Congress on June 24, and again for a great concluding meeting of the Officers' Council on July 8, the Royal Albert Hall will be engaged.

As a direct outcome of this immense assembly the Commander-in-Chief says that he thinks himself warranted to expect, in his quaint phraseology a Harvest of Souls and a Mighty Baptism of Fire.

From all over the world the representatives of forty-nine different countries and colonies will be coming. God in some thirty languages, and all intent on learning how more efficiently to prosecute the war."

All Are Welcome.

Black and white, red and yellow races will be represented, according to their lights, and the same will be said of the spiritual brotherhood which reigns amongst the members of this mighty nationhood. Prejudice of caste, creed, station, and nationality have fallen, it seems, before the red banner and the "War Cry."

"They will come—they will all come," cries the "General," to join in making the Congress a truly national gathering.

The ordinary man outside may laugh a little at the uncouth, elemental battle cry, at the crude sledge-hammer blows with which the story of salvation is driven home by William Booth and his helpers, but he takes off his hat to the man who has covered the world in thirty-eight years only with the most continuously useful and efficient philanthropic and orthodox religious organisation the world has ever seen.

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

NORTHAMPTON v. WEST HAM UNITED.
Maintaining the good form they have shown recently, West Ham gained a capital victory at Northampton yesterday by 3 goals to 1. West Ham had the advantage of the wind in the first half, but the play was even. Mercer opened the scoring for the London club, but before change of ends Garfield ran down in fine style and equalised. Crossing over visitors accomplished most of the pressing, and from a penalty Allison scored. A mistake by Clarke enabled Kirby to add another goal. Northampton failed to utilise some fine openings.

MANCHESTER CUP.—Semi-Final Tie.
MANCHESTER CITY v. MANCHESTER UNITED.
After playing a drawn game a second meeting between these clubs took place yesterday on the ground of the United at Manchester. The result was a 2-1 victory for the presented both clubs. The City won by 2 goals to 1 goal. Moffatt and Jones scored for the City, and Arkeden obtained the United goal in the first half. Afterward the play was very keen, but no more scoring occurred. Squally weather prevailed, and there was a poor at

NORTHERN UNION.

THE LEAGUE.—Division I.

HALIFAX v. BATLEY.

A well-contested game at Halifax ended in a victory for the home side by 1 try (3 points) to a goal (2 points) Batley were well represented, but Halifax were below full strength. Early in the game Morley got over for Halifax and shortly before the interval Andy landed a penalty goal. This proved the limit of the scoring, sound defence prevailing in the second half.

SCOTLAND v. ENGLAND.

The officials of the Scottish Football Association were yesterday informed that H. Rennie (Hibernians) will be unable to keep goal for Scotland against England at Glasgow on Saturday. McBride (Preston North End) has accepted the invitation to fill the vacancy. Templeton, McCombie, and Hamilton, the other doubtful players, have all notified their intention to take the field, so that there will be only one alteration from the team originally selected to play England.

"LITTLE WAR" AGAINST CANNIBALS.

Reuter's agency understands that another expedition is being arranged in Northern Nigeria against the Yoraghums, a tribe of naked cannibals inhabiting the hills to the north of the British position of Ibi, on the Benue.

During the last operations the British demanded that the Yoraghums should deliver up the bodies of some missing soldiers and carriers, but the natives in reply only brought in the clothing and weapons of the deceased men, adding that their owners had been eaten.

To show how injurious milk adulterated with boracic acid is to children, a doctor told the Brentford magistrates yesterday that in the case of two kittens, one fed on pure milk thrived, while the other fed on milk containing borax died within a month.



179 ONLY OFFERED.

**BEAUTIFUL AXMINSTER
WOOL CARPETS BORDERED.**

The Choicest Colouring and Latest Designs

	Average Sizes.	Reduced Sale Price.	Former Price.
39 Size,	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yds.	12/6	17/9
54 "	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yds.	25/6	39/3
76 "	3 by 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yds.	38/6	59/6
10 "	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ yds.	53/6	79/6

When ordering, please mention Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

Sale Price,
3/6.
Postage

F. HODGSON & SONS, City of Leeds, will on receipt of Postal Order for 3/6, with postage (4d. extra), send one Lady's Beautiful Tailor-made

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the reader of the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" (8/4/1904) only. receipt of Postal Order for 5/-, or 62 stamps, we will send, **DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS** to your address, one of our **10/6** genuine

4d. extra.

Free
Gifts.
SIZES 38,
40,
42.

Cloth Dress 5-8, in
Black or Navy, fully trimmed
with mervel-seal ribbetta strap-
ping, also fitted with linenette
pocket. We
shall present
to every reader of the "Daily
Illustrated Mirror" (8/4/15) a
sundrie for above SIZES 38-42
A MASSIVE 18ct. GOLD PAT-
TERN CURRI BRACELET, WITH

HEART PENDANT,
PEARLS AND
AND SCENTED
CANDLES.

POINTED WITH
TURQUOISE.
FORGET-MENOTS.

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the readers of the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" (8/4/1904) only. On receipt of Postal Order for 5/-, or 62 stamps, we will forward, **DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS** to your address, one of our 10/6 genuine

SEAMLESS WOVEN, REVERSIBLE CARPETS

With every Carpet we shall **ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY** a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send 2 Carpets and 2 Rugs for 9/6.
Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of

ONIALS. 50, Berkeley Square.
"The Countess of SELKIRK would thank the British Carpet Co. to send her another Carpet, similar to the one she got from them a fortnight ago, which is most satisfactory."
O's payable to
Manufacturers, W. WOODSLEY RD., LEEDS.
Manchester.

Interesting Statement by Mr.
Blackwell.

Mr. H. Blackwell, whose spirit pictures appeared on Wednesday in the *Mirror*, makes the following interesting account of how spirits can be captured by the camera:—

The article complained of in Wednesday's issue states that a collection of "quite good" of most skillfully faked spirit photographs were shown to the public in a museum. The photographs were arranged in a statement, seeing that among the exhibits were psychic photographs taken by nearly a dozen amateurs, both ladies and gentlemen, the request was made that the photographs be shown to the public under the strictest test conditions. There were photographs of flowers, birds, symbols, lights, and spirit forms, and the request was made that the photographs be shown to the public, and could have been discerned, and many of them were, by a good clairvoyant. Some of the negatives had been taken by a clairvoyant, and the request was made that the people can produce markings, patterns, and forms on plates when held by those possessing the requisite

Spirit photography has been known for more than thirty years, and several books have been published on this subject. The latest, *The Latest in Spirit Photography*, by Frances F. Photographic, being by a well-known physicist in California. There have been many instances in which photographers have been scared and puzzled by the results of their work. In the past, however, there have been hundreds of well authenticated cases in which the sitters have recognised the forms as relatives and friends. This book is a collection of such photographs, and it does more—it proves it. The old, old question, "If a man die shall he live again?" has been joyfully answered by the evidence of the photographs. The dead are not, we are indeed encompassed, and many a mourner's tears have been dried and many a heart made glad by messages from the loved ones who have passed on to their eternal abode. As life, for the soul, never dies, it is not surprising that it should be able to communicate with those who remain.

It is, however, a mistake to suppose that it is possible to command communication with any particular spirit, as they begin to progress, are well employed, sometimes ministering guides to those to whom they are attracted by inclination and sympathy, sometimes in undying error, and sometimes in the most atrocious crimes. Some of the little ones who have taken the journey before the sorrowing mother, sometimes gathering around the darkened chamber to receive and welcome one who, may have been a stranger to her, sometimes a spirit, just emerging in his spiritual body, sometimes in inspiring high and noble thoughts in our writers, statesmen, and teachers—but at all times working for good. The influence of the spirit world is all over the world, and the influence of the spirit world will be withdrawn.

H. BLACKWELL.

We are sorry that our reporter should have hurried Mr. Blackwell's feelings in his description of Mr. Blackwell's world-famous collection, and we shall hope to return to the subject more fully at an early date. The photographs in question have attracted immense attention.

FIRESIDE SUNDAY SERMONS.

With the installation of the electrophone in the church of St. Lawrence Jewry, in Gresham-street, stay-at-home worshippers have now a choice of

The religious side of the varied uses of the electrophone is becoming extremely popular, and it is pleasing to learn that, although the listeners evade the collecting-plate, they do not all fail to respond to the ministers' appeal, as several contributions have been sent by post.

In churches the receiver takes the form of a dummy Bible, but in a theatre it is fixed behind the conductor's music-stand.

TESTIMONIALS.

The Hearn, Charlton King, Cheltenham, March 21st, 1904. 50, Berkeley Square, London, W.

Lady Norman writes: "I am well pleased with the 3/6s skirt sent, and enclose postal order for the "Brighton" skirt at 9/11. Postal order enclosed."

Cheques and P.O.'s payable to
(D-p. D. I.R.), Manufacturers, Ltd.,
F. HODGSON & SONS, LEEDS, WOODSLEY RD., LEEDS.

terday of the progress the popular young rider is making. He is in capital spirits, and as a result of an examination by the Röntgen rays the doctors are perfectly satisfied with the progress made.

Small Advertisements

are received at the offices of the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carnarvon Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 and 7 (Saturdays, 10 to 6), and are inserted in the issue of the following day, at the rate of 12 words (10 words if sent by post). Advertisements, sent by post, must be accompanied by Postal Orders crossed to R. R. CLAY & CO. (Stamps will not be accepted).

"Daily Illustrated Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" Offices, a box department having been opened for that purpose. Replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Cook.

COOK (plain, very good; temporary or permanent; 14s. weekly; £30 to £35 yearly; town or country; 30; engaged; low; references—H., Sussex House, Silver, Kensington, W.)

General Servant.

GENERAL Servant (excellent; best recommendation; country girl; £10-12; Victoria-street, Bristol.)

Miscellaneous.

VENING Employment wanted of any description by a single man, 34, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W.

PHOTOGRAPHER experienced wants occasional work; references—W. J. C. 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000, 1002, 1004, 1006, 1008, 1010, 1012, 1014, 1016, 1018, 1020, 1022, 1024, 1026, 1028, 1030, 1032, 1034, 1036, 1038, 1040, 1042, 1044, 1046, 1048, 1050, 1052, 1054, 1056, 1058, 1060, 1062, 1064, 1066, 1068, 1070, 1072, 1074, 1076, 1078, 1080, 1082, 1084, 1086, 1088, 1090, 1092, 1094, 1096, 1098, 1100, 1102, 1104, 1106, 1108, 1110, 1112, 1114, 1116, 1118, 1120, 1122, 1124, 1126, 1128, 1130, 1132, 1134, 1136, 1138, 1140, 1142, 1144, 1146, 1148, 1150, 1152, 1154, 1156, 1158, 1160, 1162, 1164, 1166, 1168, 1170, 1172, 1174, 1176, 1178, 1180, 1182, 1184, 1186, 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2848, 2850, 2852, 2854, 2856, 2858, 2860, 2862, 2864, 2866, 2868, 2870, 2872, 2874, 2876, 2878, 2880, 2882, 2884, 2886, 2888, 2890, 2892, 2894, 2896, 2898, 2900, 2902, 2904, 2906, 2908, 2910, 2912, 2914, 2916, 2918, 2920, 2922, 2924, 2926, 2928, 2930, 2932, 2934, 2936, 2938, 2940, 2942, 2944, 2946, 2948, 2950, 2952, 2954, 2956, 2958, 2960, 2962, 2964, 2966, 2968, 2970, 2972, 2974, 2976, 2978, 2980, 2982, 2984, 2986, 2988, 2990, 2992, 2994, 2996, 2998, 3000, 3002, 3004, 3006, 3008, 3010, 3012, 3014, 3016, 3018, 3020, 3022, 3024, 3026, 3028, 3030, 3032, 3034, 3036, 3038, 3040, 3042, 3044, 3046, 3048, 3050, 3052, 3054, 3056, 3058, 3060, 3062, 3064, 3066, 3068, 3070, 3072, 3074, 3076, 3078, 3080, 3082, 3084, 3086, 3088, 3090, 3092, 3094, 3096, 3098, 3100, 3102, 3104, 3106, 3108, 3110, 3112, 3114, 3116, 3118, 3120, 3122, 3124, 3126, 3128, 3130, 3132, 3134, 3136, 3138, 3140, 3142, 3144, 3146, 3148, 3150, 3152, 3154, 3156, 3158, 3160, 3162, 3164, 3166, 3168, 3170, 3172, 3174, 3176, 3178, 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3512, 3514, 3516, 3518, 3520, 3522, 3524, 3526, 3528, 3530, 3532, 3534, 3536, 3538, 3540, 3542, 3544, 3546, 3548, 3550, 3552, 3554, 3556, 3558, 3560, 3562, 3564, 3566, 3568, 3570, 3572, 3574, 3576, 3578, 3580, 3582, 3584, 3586, 3588, 3590, 3592, 3594, 3596, 3598, 3600, 3602, 3604, 3606, 3608, 3610, 3612, 3614, 3616, 3618, 3620, 3622, 3624, 3626, 3628, 3630, 3632, 3634, 3636, 3638, 3640, 3642, 3644, 3646, 3648, 3650, 3652, 3654, 3656, 3658, 3660, 3662, 3664, 3666, 3668, 3670, 3672, 3674, 3676, 3678, 3680, 3682, 3684, 3686, 3688, 3690, 3692, 3694, 3696, 3698, 3700, 3702, 3704, 3706, 3708, 3710, 3712, 3714, 3716, 3718, 3720, 3722, 3724, 3726, 3728, 3730, 3732, 3734, 3736, 3738, 3740, 3742, 3744, 3746, 3748, 3750, 3752, 3754, 3756, 3758, 3760, 3762, 3764, 3766, 3768, 3770, 3772, 3774, 3776, 3778, 3780, 3782, 3784, 3786, 3788, 3790, 3792, 3794, 3796, 3798, 3800, 3802, 3804, 3806, 3808, 3810, 3812, 3814, 3816, 3818, 3820, 3822, 3824, 3826, 3828, 3830, 3832, 3834, 3836, 3838, 3840, 3842, 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